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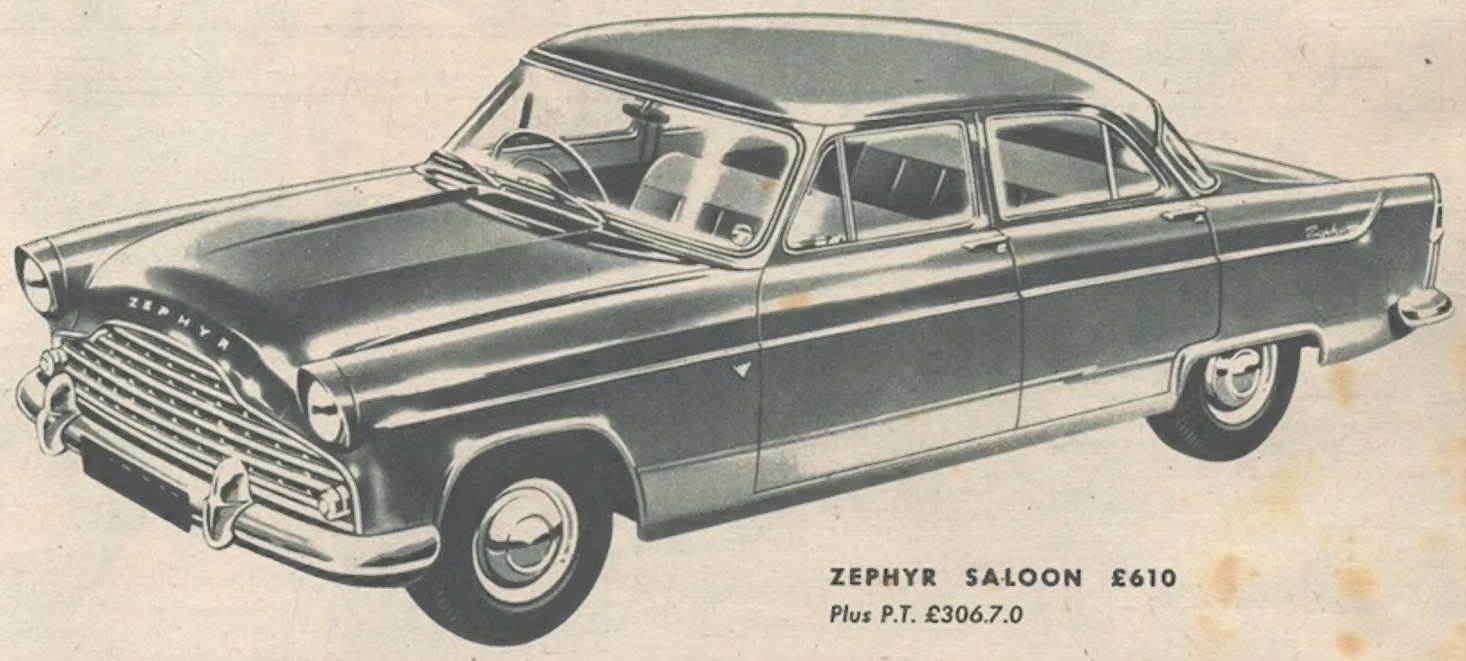

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CHANCERY 3344 SEPTEMBER 14, 1957 VOLUME 102 NUMBER 2672

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

"Tiny" and Stuart Cloete toured the battlefields

STUART CLOETE went from England to South Africa with the intention of farming. He raised some magnificent cattle, but at the same time he gathered a wealth of material about the early settlers in the Transvaal, which has resulted in a series of historical novels. "For thirty years," says Cloete, "these stories of my country have been in my mind and in my heart." The fifth and latest of them, *The Mask*, begins on page 12.

Before going to South Africa, Cloete had been a regular officer in the Coldstream Guards, and it was only wounds received during the first World War that compelled him to retire. But South Africa has always been in his blood—an ancestor of his was a chief justice there three hundred years ago—and it was natural that his life and work should centre round the country.

For *The Mask*, Cloete made a special journey, with his wife, over the ground where the action takes place. He has crossed many times the Morddrift, scene of the first battle, on his way to Zoutpansberg. "And," he says, "I have visited the caves of the Kaffir chief Makapan; and I know men who in their youth picked up human bones in the depth of those caves."

Now sixty years old, Cloete spends much of his time in New York, where his wife, Rehna "Tiny" Cloete, is well known as a painter. But his love of travel lures him away so frequently that he has never had time to set up home. Above all, he cannot stay away from Africa for long. "It is still the continent of mystery," he says. "A land of questions and no answers."

WITH eight children of his own, Jack Trevor Story should have experienced no difficulty in securing a model for his humorous story, *My Son Hadrian*, which begins on page 16. But his two sons and six daughters are all absolutely normal. "None," Story complains, "shows any tendency towards becoming a desperado like young Hadrian."

Only thirteen-year-old Peter threatens to disturb his father's peace of mind: he wants to make films. But Story admits that he has only himself to blame for that, because ever since his novel *The Trouble With Harry* became a great screen success he has devoted much of his enthusiasm to the cinema business.

Story first began to write when he was twelve, in 1929. "I wanted to be famous," he says. "But in those days there was no science-fiction to show a boy the short cut to greatness; there was nothing for it but to write." It took him twenty-two years to earn enough money from writing to give up his job in electronics. But now Story is glad he made the change—and so are his children. "For one thing, it means a good supply of bedtime stories."

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Free Speech

- **Are the Germans work-shy, too?**
- **Antidote for a TV menace**
- **The priest who wanted hops for wages**

FROM what I saw and heard during my holiday in Western Germany the people there are as work-shy as anyone in Britain. Could it be that all the ballyhoo about hard-working Germans is just propaganda aimed at making us work harder than ever?

Young Western Germans seemed to sleep in the afternoons and retire before 10 p.m. whenever they got the chance. Workmen liked to rest on brooms and shovels as often, or perhaps more often, than they do in Britain. And their streets are just as untidy as ours.

So take heart, Britons. It could be *we* who are setting the pace. — A. LUMSDEN, Sherrard Road, Manor Park, London, E.12.

Caught In Kashmir

Your article about a thriving British industry ("A Fortune Among Our Souvenirs," August 17) reminded me of Srinagar, capital of Kashmir, which was the most souvenir-conscious place I ever came across.

Up to and during the war, at least, most of its inhabitants seemed to be makers of wonderful souvenirs in wood, pottery or papier mâché. You were practically kidnapped from your hotel every afternoon and taken in a sort of gondola along the river to a shop and workroom where, over cups of coffee, your sales resistance was broken down.

Shop names included Walnut Willy, Stainless Stephen, Cheerful Chippendale and Suffering Moses. One merchant I knew billed himself as "the most designing craftyman in Kashmir." — F. W., Mandrake Road, London, S.W.17.

Absolute Proof

Women have to produce their marriage certificates when calling to claim certain types of benefit at the government office in which I work. But recently one explained that she had lost her marriage lines and produced a brown paper parcel instead. Inside was her divorce decree absolute—in a large gilt frame.—F. B., Walkden, Manchester.

Still In The Air

I always thought that airships went out of production after the R. 101 disaster described by James Leasor

("The Millionth Chance," JOHN BULL, August 17). But I was surprised to see and photograph this one being used for advertising purposes in Germany this year. — B. VARLEY, Progress Street, Blackburn, Lancashire.

"This is the Underberg, one of the many dirigibles built since the twenties by the Goodyear Aircraft Corporation of America," says Lord Ventry, founder of the Airship Club of Great Britain. "Similar airships are still used by the United States Navy because they can carry out long-distance submarine-spotting patrols lasting as long as eleven days without refuelling."

Britain's first airship since the R. 101 was completed by the Airship Club as a private venture in 1951 and made several flights from Cardington. But the project was abandoned through lack of funds after the airship had been accidentally damaged in its hangar, and a long-promised flight to Bournemouth, Hampshire, was never made.

Threatened Motorist

I am the contented owner of a twenty-three year old car which is now rather noisy and a little smelly, but it carries me in comfort and

safety because I can't cruise faster than forty miles an hour. I am a danger to nobody, but my insurance company demands an increased premium.

Now the government is going to impose a compulsory road-worthiness test at my expense in the hope, no doubt, of driving me off the road altogether. I suppose I shall then have to buy myself a modern eighty miles an hour monstrosity with which I can kill myself or somebody else with the full blessing of the authorities.—DR. C. L. DUDDINGTON, Orme Road, Kingston-on Thames, Surrey.

Called To A Count

Because Post Office expenditure is high there is talk of restricting services and cutting staff. But the real trouble, as in many civil service departments, is the wastage of man-hours and money through out-dated procedure. In our office alone we form an ever-lengthening queue every Friday to draw our wages—which are laboriously counted out to us while we wait.

If the money were previously made up into packets by a couple of wage clerks and handed to us as we began our duty, about one hundred man-hours would be saved every week.

But a colleague of mine who suggested a similar scheme was told merely that: "the present system is the best."—POSTMAN J. T., London.

Spectacles Barred

Most of the men I know wear glasses, so they wouldn't be accepted as R.A.F. pilots, policemen, merchant navy deck officers or football referees, to name but a few occupations for which normal sight without artificial aid is stipulated. This is stupid, since spectacles should give the perfect vision which these jobs demand. — LESLIE HOLDEN, Chesterfield Grove, East Dulwich, London, S.E.22.

The former world mile record holder Sydney Wooderson wore spectacles every time he ran; steeplechaser Chris Brasher wore glasses when he won a gold medal at last year's Olympic Games. England cricketers who have worn them include wicket keeper Paul Gibb and fast bowler Bill Bowes. "Laminated or toughened glass could minimize injury for a player struck in the eye by a ball," says an optician, "and we consider that contact lenses, like those worn by the England rugby player Douglas Baker, are probably safer still. But they cost upwards of £40 a pair."

Turning The Points

T. F., of Chigwell, Essex, is wrong in saying that nothing can be done to counteract the persuasive effects of TV upon children ("Free Speech," August 24). The solution is to train a child from the beginning to see both sides of a question. Exaggerated advertisements, varying newspaper reports of the same event—and even family disputes—can be used to show him that he must form his own judgments and not rely upon those of other people. That is part of his education.—HEADMISTRESS, Sussex.

Hoped For Hops

I find JOHN BULL's new serial ("September Moon," by John Moore) refreshing, particularly as I live in the heart of Kent, the most famous hop county of all. As a Sussex girl I always thought I had a hop field under my window.

But my fiancé says that they have been called hop *gardens* in Kent since a fourteenth-century priest fought an unsuccessful law case trying to prove that hops were grown in gardens, and should therefore be a valuable addition to his income in kind of produce "grown in gardens."—MISS PAMELA HASTINGS, Maidstone, Kent.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

IT rather looks as if work has come to a temporary halt. But those three outlaws *could* argue that they are trying to gain horticultural instruction; for it was in the days of Robin Hood that the monks, like Friar Tuck, spread their knowledge of gardening throughout England, and to the big castles in particular. Today every home is a castle, with its own Maid Marian to keep order, and cover artist Critchlow thinks she'll soon be calling her merry men back to work. Otherwise that garden is going to grow as unruly as Sherwood Forest.

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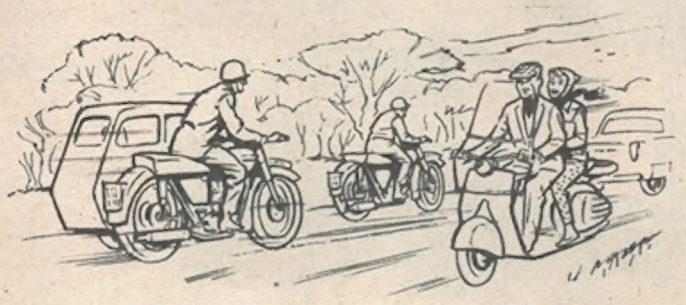

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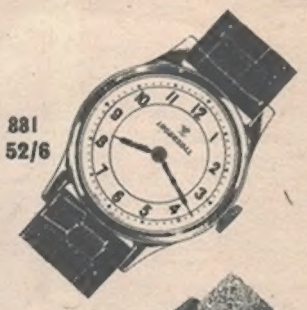

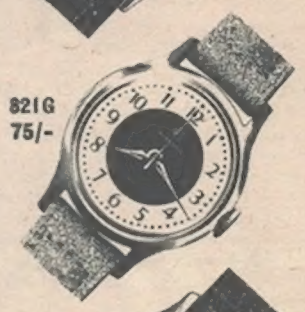

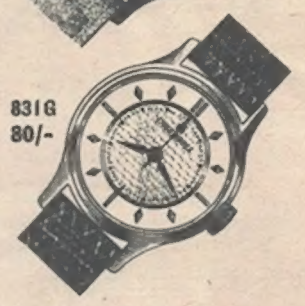

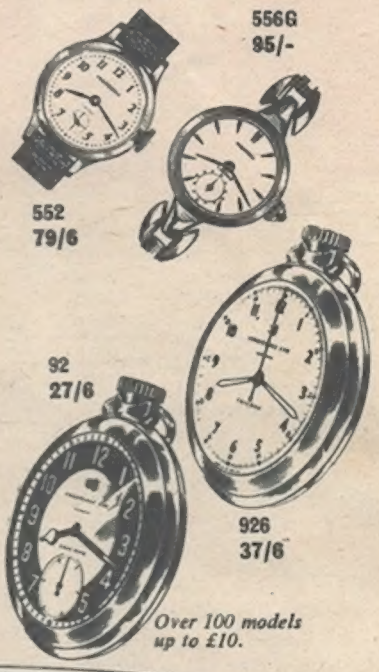

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HILL OF FEAR

by ***ROGER TARRANT***

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

You had to be rough and tough in this business. But it needed skill to handle men like Callaghan

"So far as the drivers go, Callaghan's the boss," Sally told Mike. "You can let him have his fun for a while—or fight him"

MIKE COUPAR shut the door of the Skye Tea Rooms behind him and shook the rain off the blanket-lined waterproof left over from his army days. Half a dozen other lorry-drivers were sitting at the tables, reading newspapers and playing draughts. On a shelf in one corner a radio blared dance music. At the counter a capable young woman in a white overall pushed across a cup of almost black tea.

"Bless you, Gloria," Mike said. He paid for the tea and drank it standing up. After three weeks he was used to the Skye Tea Rooms. Since they'd started work on the new power station in the Highlands thirty miles to the north and the loads of castings and cement had started to roll steadily along the road, the tea-rooms had changed from being a resting place for genteel tourists into a transport café catering almost entirely for the lorry trade.

There was only one girl among the men round the tables—a tall, slim girl with fair hair, wearing a golf jacket and slacks. Mike went over to her and sat down.

"Hallo, Sally."

"Hallo, Mike. Enjoying the job?"

"I'll survive."

"Your father doesn't think so. He told me you were behind schedule on two runs yesterday."

Mike grinned wryly. "I bet that made his day."

The girl laughed. "As a matter of fact, I think it did." She paused. Then she

"No," Sally told Mike. "I don't think you'll make it." And he knew she was right—as long as Callaghan remained a reigning terror

added: "He still doesn't think you'll make it, you know."

Mike lit a cigarette and asked carefully: "Do you?"

"No."

All right, he thought, *you asked for that and you got it.* He turned her words over in his mind. He couldn't complain. His father hadn't asked him to go into the family transport business when he had finished with the army. He had suggested it himself. And, having known the old man for twenty-five years, he should have known without being told that he would have to earn his money the hard way.

"Do you think you can run this business?" the elder Coupar had asked, looking at him across a desk about ten feet wide. And Mike had felt the old familiar feeling of surprise that at sixty-five his father could look as tough as he did. But then, one had to be tough to start life as a scrap-iron merchant's tea boy and end by making a fortune out of contracting.

Mike said: "I couldn't run it now. But I can learn." As always, he sensed his father's good-natured contempt; the contempt he had for anyone who wasn't as rough and tough as himself. He'd given Mike the best that money could buy—and then despised his son later for having gone to a public school. He pitied Mike because he weighed only twelve stone against his own sixteen.

"You'll learn all right," his father told him. "Can you handle men?"

"They're supposed to teach you that in the army."

"Well, you're not in the army. Can you handle *my* men?"

There was only one answer. Mike said, "Yes."

"Then you can spend six months driving a lorry. Callaghan's the reigning terror among the drivers, I'm told. If you can't handle him, he'll handle you. . . ."

Mike stared now at the far wall in the little café and listened to the noise from the radio. Up till now Callaghan had handled him all right. Callaghan was a man after his father's own heart.

At his side, Sally said again: "No. I don't think you'll make it."

He looked at her. "Why not?"

"Oh . . . I don't know." She shrugged her shoulders. "I suppose I know your father pretty well, for one thing. I worked as his secretary for two years. And for the last six months he's had me driving a car up and down this road keeping an eye on things. That means I've been able to get to know the drivers, too."

Mike smiled faintly. "My father's private intelligence service."

She said quickly: "I'd call it more his private road patrol. I don't snoop. But there's two thousand tons of stuff a day to be shifted from the railway sidings up to the power station site over fifth-rate roads. One breakdown that isn't reported can hold up everything for hours. Half a dozen cattle let out on the road at the wrong time and you've got a bottleneck two miles long."

Mike said patiently: "All right. You're my father's right-hand man." He felt his usual growing sense of irritation that the girl shared his father's faintly amused tolerance towards him. Perhaps understandably. After all, she'd worked for the old man and passed out with flying colours. Presumably she expected him to do at least as well.

Aloud, he added: "You know perfectly well why I was late three times yesterday."

Sally said calmly: "Of course. Callaghan parked his lorry so that you couldn't move yours and then made himself scarce for half an hour. That was in the morning. He crossed your plug leads after lunch. And then he let down one of your tyres later on in the afternoon."

"But why?" Mike demanded. "He'd do better to spend more time on his own vehicle instead of mucking about with mine. It's so damned childish."

"Of course it's childish. That's all Callaghan is—a fourteen-stone child from the Belfast docks. But so far as the drivers go, he's the boss. You either admit it and let him have his fun for a while or you fight him." She smiled faintly. "The latter probably sounds attractive, but by all accounts it's not really practical. Unless you're used to brawling with broken bottles and jack handles."

Mike sighed. "I see your point. Where is he now?"

"He's just behind you, as a matter of fact," said Sally quietly.

Mike turned round. Callaghan was standing a couple of yards away, drinking tea. He was a vast man with red hair and the face of an aged and outcast cherub. He caught Mike's eye and grinned.

"How's the lorry business, Major Coupar, sir?"

Mike said amiably: "A good deal harder than it need be."

"Sure, but a proper man wouldn't be finding all these little troubles. I was only saying to your blessed father the other day that I didn't think ye were cut out to drive a lorry. For it's a fine gentleman you are, and not like the likes of me."

"If the likes of you would leave me to get on with the job. . . ."

CALLAGHAN put his cup down carefully. The hand that held it was the size of a spade. He asked gently: "Would you be saying that I've had a hand in your misfortunes, then?"

Mike looked at him steadily. "Yes."

The Irishman grinned. "And what would ye be doing about it?"

Two stone lighter and a dud left leg, Mike thought. No, it just would not do. He said frankly: "Nothing, I'm afraid."

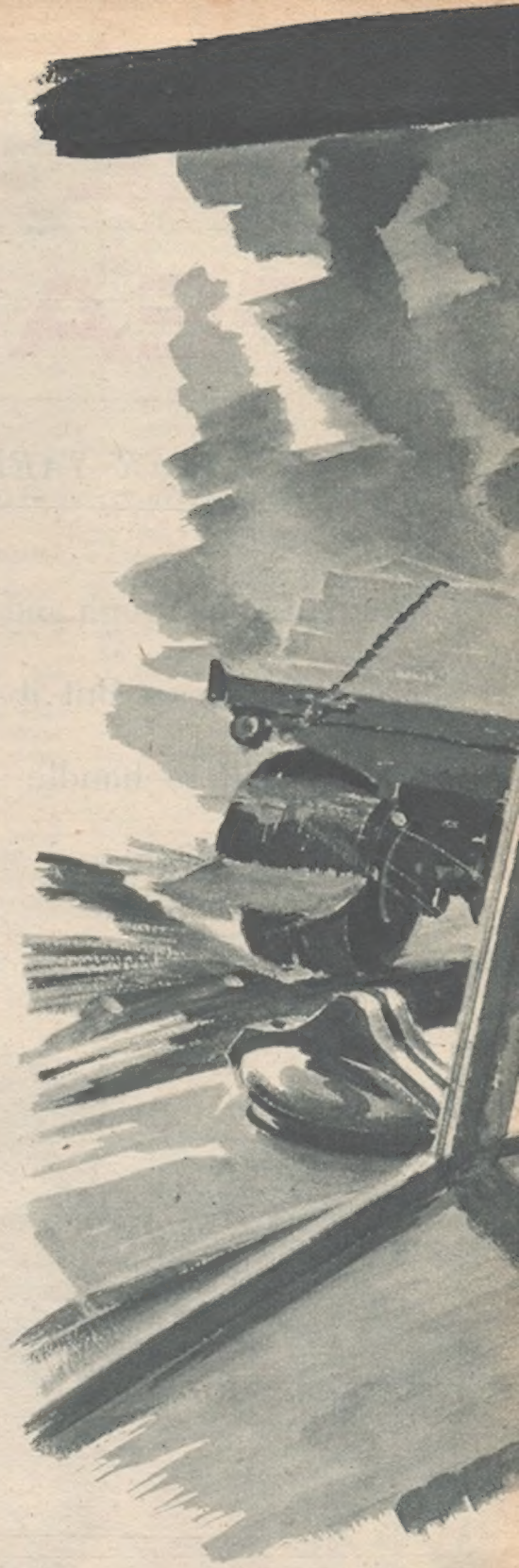
"Then I'll wish you a good evening," said Callaghan, and went out. For all his size he moved like a cat. . . .

Callaghan was at the Skye Tea Rooms again when Mike next saw Sally, three days later. Mike hadn't much to say to her, because he knew he was doing just what she and his father had expected: getting pushed all over the place by the stupid Irishman he'd said he could handle.

Although he sat quite near them, Callaghan said nothing, and that made Mike suspicious and edgy. When at last Callaghan left and his lorry crunched away to the road, Mike glanced at the clock on the wall and stood up. "I must be going," he said.

"Me too," said Sally.

They went out together. Mike waited until the girl had got into the little car she used for her never-ending drive between railhead and building site. Then he turned aside as she moved away, and climbed into the cab of his loaded lorry, brushing the windscreen clear of its film of cement dust.



With the cold, empty feeling of fear

He pushed his finger against the starter and waited for the engine to fire. It didn't. After a few seconds he switched the engine off and lifted up the engine cover without emotion. This time he knew instinctively what Callaghan had done, and it was only a matter of feeling in his pocket for the spare rotor arm that he had known would sooner or later be required. He pushed the rotor into place and slammed the cover back.

Once out on the open road, he felt better. There was a kind of unthinking routine about

at his stomach, Mike tried not to think.... He pushed his foot down hard on the accelerator and forced himself to catch up with the runaway

driving along the narrow track, watching for the tyre-thrown mud left by the lorry in front and listening to the mounting whine of the engine as the ground rose steeply into the hills. He looked to the west, taking in the colour of the sky beyond the distant islands. It was a good view, he found himself thinking; a good view, even if he did see it four times a day.

After the first few miles Mike made himself as comfortable as possible in the hard driving seat and lit a cigarette. He knew every yard of the road. He had to climb for the next two miles; then, once the top of the range of hills was reached, it was low gear work with the brakes on for the next three or four miles down a narrow, rock-bordered valley until the road reached sea level again.

He narrowed his eyes. Somebody was only just ahead. He thought at first it would be Callaghan, but after a few minutes the corners straightened out a little and he saw that it wasn't a lorry ahead of him at all but a car; Sally's car, driving a hundred yards to the rear of the Irishman.

A hundred yards later Mike watched her pull over to the side of the road and pass.

That put Mike behind Callaghan as the two labouring lorries reached the top of the hill. At least, Mike thought, he wasn't behind schedule this time. He felt a feeling of simple satisfaction about that.

"Gradient 1 in 6—DANGER! Engage Low Gear." He took in the big notice at the side of the road automatically. Engaging low gear meant crawling down the hill at a snail's pace, and he knew that none of the drivers did anything more than rely on their brakes. After all, it was a road with little enough traffic on it. One could afford to let a lorry roll down it very much on its own.

Mike watched the lorry in front of him begin to draw away and touched his own accelerator to keep up. On the panel behind the driving wheel the speedometer swung round from thirty to forty miles an hour. From forty to forty-five.

And still Callaghan drew away.

If he goes on like that, Mike thought, *he'll be catching Sally's car.* Forty-five miles an

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Collett has a flair for new designs—"although I may have to forcibly feed them to customers." Below: the "schoolgirl" hat (left) was a winner, but the other, though expected to sell, failed

Man with a head for your hat

by ROBERT HOLLES

John Collett has to keep on top in the world of fashion. For today's swiftly-changing styles could easily turn a master milliner into a mad hatter

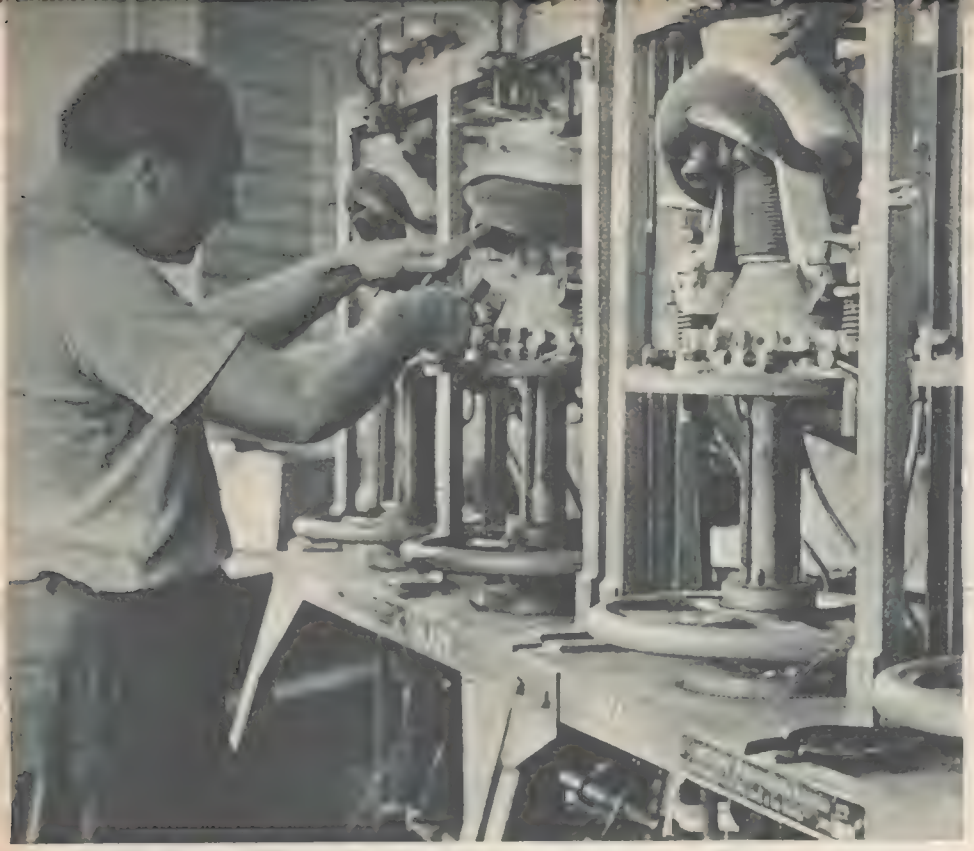
THE passengers assembled in the departure lounge at London Airport on an autumn day last year included a burly, chubby-faced milliner with shrewd eyes and a gravelly voice, and a woman wearing an attractive and original hat.

John Collett, head of Britain's largest firm of millinery manufacturers, who was flying to Paris on a business trip, approached the woman and introduced himself. He explained the reason for his interest and asked her, "Would you mind if I had a look at your hat?" Obligingly she removed it and handed it over. Collett inspected the hat closely, then handed it back to the woman. "If you will send it to my factory in London when you reach your destination," he told her, "I'll send it back within a few days accompanied by a range of new versions in different colours."

Collett is continually on the alert for new and attractive styles in millinery, which he finds not only at airports, at Ascot, and in the collections of the top Paris couturiers, but also in cinemas, in the streets, and on the heads of women alighting from coaches outside his flat in Grosvenor House, London.

Opening a newspaper a few months ago, he was confronted with a photograph of Princess Margaret wearing a new-style baker-boy beret made of satin. He immediately sent the photograph to one of his designers, requesting her to design a reproduction as quickly as possible. Within two days a mould had been made at one of the Collett factories and a sample of the beret, together with a copy of the newspaper photograph, had been sent to all the firm's travellers. Less than a week after its first public appearance, thousands of reproductions of the Royal hat were on sale in all parts of the country.

Last year Collett's firm produced nearly three million hats at its three factories in London and Luton—approximately ten per cent of the British trade, and probably more than double the figure of its nearest competitor. Most of the hats, marketed under the trade name of "Jacoll," last for a season and then become unfashionable, but some remain in demand for several years. The majority are sold at an average retail price of a guinea. "We don't go in for fripperies," says Collett, "but basically we use exactly the same materials as the top fashion houses." Of the hundred-odd British companies engaged in the mass-production of millinery, approximately half of them market



In the factory, "hoods" of material are dampened and, after being left to condition, are pressed into the required shape in steam-heated metal moulds

Lillian Harris is watched by Collett as she packs hats. Since the war he has successfully promoted sales of brighter-coloured hats

their hats through wholesalers; the remainder, including Collett's firm, sell direct to shops.

To keep up with current fashion trends, Collett and his designers continually scour the millinery houses in Paris, New York and Rome. Couturiers in Paris normally lead the fashion world in developing original styles. These are taken up by the mass manufacturers, who modify them to suit the conditions of factory production: there is no effective law of copyright in the world of millinery. When the mass-produced hats appear in the shops, the customers themselves dictate fashions through their power of selection.

The chances of success for any particular model is a matter for speculation by the milliners. One small felt hat with a circular brim and a domed crown, produced by Collett's firm six years ago, was nicknamed "the schoolgirl." It appealed to all age groups, remained in great demand for several years—and has now become popular with schoolgirls. Another model, expected to become highly fashionable, was put on sale in more than a thousand shops. Not one of the hats was sold.

Collett vets each model before it is put into production. "He spends half his life picking up hats and looking for imperfections," says one of the firm's executives. "He will often take a hat from the production line and transform it by a slight alteration of the fittings, and he has an infallible flair for selecting the one hat with a flaw in a consignment of fifty dozen." On one visit to Paris, Collett was attracted to an expensive model in a milliner's shop window. Returning to London, he re-created the hat from memory, and it was successfully marketed.

An attractive combination of shape, style and trimmings is all-important in the design of a hat likely to appeal to the widest possible female public, but other factors can affect sales. A hat which fails to become popular may often prove successful when produced in another shade, or manufactured from different materials. Several years ago, when costumes and jackets made of corduroy were becoming fashionable, Collett decided to try using the material for hats. His corduroy productions caught on slowly at first, but their popularity began to snowball when a "wedding ring" version with a rolled brim was put on the market. Eventually more than a million corduroy hats were sold.

Collett claims that nothing is charged for the design in his productions. One new model, a white cap made of fur fabric, was manufactured for sale at Christmas and priced at 15s. 11d. He decided it was so cheap that nobody would buy it, so he had a scarf designed from the same material. The price of the two items was raised to a guinea, and the pair became a best-seller.

Many of the original hat designs come from blockmakers in Paris, who cut wooden blocks into moulds for new shapes, or from the modellers of "spartery shapes"—crude models of newly designed hats made of linen and stiffened by shellac, for which blocks are subsequently made.

The raw materials arrive at Collett's factories in the shape of "hoods" — cone-shaped pieces of material—which have been manufactured elsewhere. The cones are dampened by spraying and left to condition for twenty-four hours. They are then pressed into the requisite shape in steam-heated metal moulds and the waste material is cut away. At various stages in their progress through the factory the headbands, linings and trimmings are machined on, and the hats are ground with glasspaper, combed with rotating wire brushes and polished by sharkskin buffing wheels.

The more expensive hats are made from hare and rabbit fur; but most are of wool felt or "straw," which might originally have been woven from Cellophane, paper, wood-fibres, wool, rayon or other synthetic materials.

COLLETT'S productions are normally on sale within three days of manufacture. Weather affects sales to a marked degree—between the peak fashion drives of Easter and autumn lies the problematical English summer when demand fluctuates between barometer levels. Collett's factory girls are often pressed into service as temporary models and to give opinions about new hats. If they agree that a particular style is attractive, Collett finds that it will almost certainly be commercially successful.

He spends much of his time on the floor of his factories, checking production, looking at new materials and interviewing visitors to the firm. He will often harass them with a battery of disconcerting personal questions, then offer a cigar or a theatre ticket. A woman buyer recently arrived at his main London factory to look at some samples. Collett immediately asked if he could borrow the beret she was wearing, and had it sent upstairs. "By the time she had finished inspecting the stock," says the firm's sales director, "her small felt beret was back on her head and a copy of it was already on the block."

Collett, born in London sixty-five years ago and one of ten children, entered a millinery factory at the age of fifteen, earning £20 a year. He developed an early interest in social and political affairs, and as a young man he used to go regularly to the public gallery of the House of Commons. "I was the best-known visitor, through sheer persistence," he says.

In 1918 he started a small manufacturing business in Finsbury with a staff of six. Within twenty years he was head of a public company employing more than a thousand workers whose average wage, at £7 weekly, was among the highest in British industry. In 1939 Collett switched his production lines to the manufacture of service caps.

An exacting man with an aggressive personality, Collett is regarded with a mixture of trepidation and affectionate respect by his employees, many of whom have worked with him for more than thirty years. "At the monthly meeting of travellers," says an associate, "he will often give a severe dressing down to the man who has achieved the best results. His theory is that the best men are the ones to concentrate on, and the worst ones are not worth bothering about." Once, disapproving of the style of bowler hats worn by two of his travellers, he took them off and stamped on them, then ordered the men to buy new ones. One of the men offered to toss a coin with Collett to decide who was to pay for the new hats. The traveller lost.

"John Collett," says one of his directors, "is never happy away from the business. He frequently sits up in bed late at night, telephoning his representatives abroad. When he goes on holiday he telephones the factories every day, and a spell of bad weather is enough to send him back to his office. In his earlier days he would drive down to Oxford Street at midnight, and walk along the pavements in his carpet slippers, looking in the shop windows at the latest productions of his rivals."

In recent years he has devoted much of his spare time to the organization of charities within the textile trade, but his flair for a hat style is never allowed to relax. Visiting the British Industries Fair in London, he saw a woman wearing one of his firm's hats the wrong way round. Collett went up to her and politely, but remorselessly, adjusted the hat to its correct position. THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

It began on the night a hyena pounced... and released all the pent-up passions of the veld

THE MASK

by STUART CLOETE

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

MEVROU FOURIE was a small thin woman of fifty-two. She wore a black dress buttoned up to her neck, with long sleeves, when she went into the scorching sun. She had ten children and thirty-one grandchildren.

She was of French Huguenot origin. It showed in her appearance; in her dark, almost black eyes and her small size, so different from most Boer women, who ran to flesh; and in the flame of her character, which burned like fire.

In her heart Jacoba Fourie despised size, even in livestock, for the small seemed to her to survive drought and disaster better than the large. This was a continual cause of dissension with her husband, who, because he was so big himself, liked to be surrounded by giants of every kind. His great love was for his span of long-horned red Afrikander oxen which that young man from Cape Town was painting now.

He called himself an artist, this Simon van der Berg. "I am a painter," he said when he had arrived with a mounted servant and a pack horse. An artist. A painter. Mevrou Fourie had never heard of such a thing in her life; a big strong young man who spent his life, wasted his life really, with a brush and paints.

Schalk, her husband, had set him to painting his wagon first. He had painted it bright blue with yellow wheels. Then he painted designs of flowers on the body.

Then Schalk had told him to paint a picture on canvas of the wagon and the oxen so that he could hang it in the house. It was like his madness to waste money on a thing like that.

Mevrou Fourie looked round the great kitchen with its open fireplace. Everything was going well. A coloured maid was turning the hindquarters of a sheep on a spit. The big copper soup kettle was simmering on the open hearth beside the other pots.

Sybella, her youngest girl, was setting the places in the dining-room. The men would soon be in from the lands and the stock, smelling of sweat, manure and tobacco. They would eat with their hats on their heads and with the help of the girl she would feed them, for Boer women did not sit with their men—not in the year 1852.

The men came in. When they had eaten, the women ate. Afterwards they rested. Jacoba did not sleep. She thought of the farm. The way they—or rather she—had made it.

This was their castle. Their home. Their fortress. The farm or group of farms as it now was, was a living thing—a collection of men, women, children, cattle, horses, ostriches, poultry, dogs, sheep, goats, pigs and servants held together by her will. Beyond these twenty thousand *morgen* lay the outer world of other men, of politics, of the English whom she disliked, and the city men of her own race whom she liked only a little better.

This boy, this Simon van der Berg, was the exception, the first man from a city of whom she approved. He must have spent much time in the country to clap a great sixteen-foot driving whip the way he did. But, a painter——

She was afraid he would interest himself in Sybella, who swung her hips at him and walked on her toes. She was glad he was going soon. Simon van der Berg disturbed her. . . .

Schalk Fourie—the *Oubaas*, or *Oupa* as he was called—was sorry young Simon was leaving. He was a truly skilful young man with his paints. Schalk would certainly miss the boy, and that little girl of theirs, Sybella, would miss him even more. *Magtig*, if she was a filly, they'd have to watch the gate of her kraal when that one left.

It was a pity it could not be, but the young man was adventure-bound, his mind on the far mountains, and Jacoba had marked Sybella down for Jappie Botha; a fine man with three farms, but old for her, more than twice her age, with two wives dead and eight children alive—some older than she was. But that was Jacoba's mind and so it would happen.

Sometimes Schalk wondered at Jacoba, for once she had been like Sybella, soft, yielding, amorous, beautiful, her face lighting up when she saw him. How they had loved in their youth more than thirty years ago! But slowly over the years the wars, the deaths, accidents, hardships and perils had eaten into her until nothing was left but hardness. . . .

The day after Simon left, Schalk Fourie mounted his blue hunting pony Papaje, the mare, and rode off to hunt. He took with him his gun, bullets, powder, caps, a water gourd bound with leather, some rusks and biltong in a small bag, and a rolled *kaross* of silver jackal skins in which to sleep. Thus equipped he could stay on the veld comfortably for a week or more.

He was glad to get away. He missed having that young painter to talk to and could not stand Sybella's tear-stained face; for, now that he had left, she made no more pretences. She was unable to. She wanted him. She was in love with him and her heart, she said, was broken.

After a while he pulled up his mare to enjoy the scene. Sometimes he wished he could always live like this—a masterless, homeless wanderer. Years ago it had been in his mind to hunt and explore in the north, to follow the adventurers who had left the colony to escape the British, the law, the trammels of civilization. But by that time he was thirty-six, married to Jacoba, many

Sybella's eye was caught by a movement on

times a father, and nothing would ever make her give up the family place that had come to her, or leave her brothers. Already her mind ran to solid property, not to dreams of a fabulous North which could never come up to what she now held in her hand.

"The North," she had almost spat at him, "is for poor men, failures, criminals and tactless fools who cannot live within the law. The British may be bad, but the North, with its dangers, discomforts and savage Kaffirs will be worse."

He rode on. Now he was looking for a buck to shoot for his supper. His gun lay across his knees. Papaje was alert, moving her head from side to side. Then he saw what he wanted. A little steenbok ram was peering at him out of the grass. He raised his gun and fired. The buck rolled over, kicking its tiny sharp hoofs in the air and thrashing the dry grass in its final agony.

Throwing the reins over the pony's head, Schalk dismounted and went to the buck. He cut

the veld. Something unusual was taking place. She put her hand on her mother's arm: but Jacoba remained calm and unmoving as she looked up

its throat and watched the blood pour out in a thick dark stream. He mounted again with the buck, and looked for a place to sleep.

He soon found one. There was a nice thick bush growing near a small limestone hummock that had been sheared off by some accident of nature into a miniature cliff. There was water nearby—a small spring and plenty of wood.

He off-saddled, knee-haltered the mare and, collecting some dry sticks, struck his flint and steel to the kindling he carried. Slowly he built up his fire with bits of grass and tiny twigs, gradually increasing their size till he had a good blaze. When it burned down to glowing coals he would be able to grill the buck's liver. This, with salt, rusks and water, was all he wanted. . . .

THE strandwolf, or striped hyena, had seen the man mounted on a grey horse. It had stood still, skulking by two high rocks, hidden in the cleft between them, watching with dark sullen eyes. The wolf was hungry. These great savage hyenas are called beach- or strandwolves by the Boers because they tend to roam along the coastal shores looking for dead fish, or birds or bodies washed up by the waves of the Southern seas. But they will kill, too; kill anything weak, young, sick, or wounded or helpless.

The wolf weighed two hundred pounds and stood a full thirty inches at the shoulder. It was dark brown in colour and striped with blackish sepia markings. Its jaws were so strong that it could crack bones a lion left when he abandoned his kill. There was no limit to its voracity. Harness, boots, dry skins . . . nothing was too hard or too tough, except a skull of an animal so big it could not get it into the pincers of its jaws; a bull's skull, or a man's. . . .

When the man slept, the wolf moved nearer, very quietly for so big a beast. The great slavering jaws were half open and the teeth showed white in the starlight. Its almost circular eyes glinted with a milky purple light. It came closer . . . closer. The meat smell was maddening it. Saliva dripped from its mouth. It came forward and went back soundlessly, like a shadow, but a shadow that smelled of death. In his sleep Schalk smelled it, felt danger, half-woke and groped for the gun at his side.

Knowing its chance was gone, that the man was waking, that he was moving, the hyena snapped at him as it swung away from a tree. Its great jaws closed over his face. It took his nose, his upper lip, its incisors scraped his cheekbones. In one swallow the man's face had gone; gone before he had time to scream, and the wolf was thirty yards away, sitting waiting in the dark shadow of a rock.

Schalk woke in agony. Screaming, he put his hands to his face. The hot blood poured over them and ran down his chest as he tried to rise.

He knew what had happened. With part of his

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Now- Cadburys Lemon!

2 oz
6D

—AND COLOURFUL NEW WRAPPERS

What's the newest treat in store? The answer's a Cadbury's Lemon! It's excitingly different. New, too, are the gay wrappers for this most popular range, including Caramello, Turkish Delight, Strawberry, Marzipan, Peppermint and Coffee Creme. Always be on the lookout for new things from Cadbury's Factory in a Garden.

Billy Lane, captain of the Coventry team, fishes in a contest. In this week's All-England match thousands of pounds will be staked on the result

There's money in tiddlers

by JEROME HOOD

Even minnows count when anglers hold their all-in matches. The one that got away could cost a prize

ON September 8 last year, Billy Lane, a short, stout man of thirty-six, sat quietly sweating on a bank of the River Witham in Lincolnshire. He had hooked a fish—a monster bream, he thought, from the way his float had dipped—and the fish was now fifty yards away in a neighbour's swim. The neighbour was a deadly rival from Birmingham, and Lane prayed silently that he wouldn't notice. For fishing another man's swim was not allowed—and this was the All-England Championship Match.

"Pumping" his rod up and down to tire the fish, Lane began to reel in. Twenty minutes and several bad words later, he had the fish nosing into his net. "I saw then that the beggar was foul-hooked in the tail instead of the lip, and could drop off at any time. I only just managed to get him in. It was one of the most exciting moments I've ever known."

Billy Lane, captain of the Coventry and District Angling Association team, had good cause for excitement. One hundred teams of twelve men were fishing the Witham that day, and several thousand pounds were staked on the result. Apart from an official pool, in which many competitors had staked £2 on their team's chances, bookmakers had taken thousands of private bets. Lane himself had each-way bets on his team and on his own individual catch. At three o'clock that day, after five hours of concentrated fishing, he saw both bets come up. Coventry won the championship, and his own catch was the third highest. He won £24 as his share of the team prize, and £150 for his individual catch.

Match angling—competitive angling for coarse fish by weight—is today enjoying an unexampled boom in the midlands and the north of England. The National Federation of Anglers, with more than a million members, has never known such a spate of activity in its existence.

Every Sunday morning from 5 a.m. coaches leave the industrial towns with pub and works teams for the fine fishing grounds of the Severn, Trent, Nene, Great Ouse and other rivers.

"Because Coventry is surrounded by industrially polluted water," Billy Lane says, "our lads have to travel farther than most. We rent about 150 miles of the Oxford and Grand Union Canals, but we regularly fish most of the rivers within a radius of seventy or eighty miles."

At the fishing tackle shop which he runs with his father—one of ten such shops in Coventry—Lane sells more than two thousand licences a year for the various river boards, ranging in price from 5s. for the River Nene to 1s. 6d. for the River Trent. Their varied experience on so many rivers has made the Coventry men formidably versatile and they are usually hot favourites wherever they appear.

Because their teams enter so many away matches, Coventry's plans have to be smoothly dovetailed—but sometimes they come unstuck. When, recently, a Coventry team travelled ninety miles to Kirkstead near Lincoln for a £500 brewery contest, they found they had not been included in the draw.

"Special trains brought thousands of competitors and supporters, and the draw had taken place during the journey, parties dropping off at their appointed positions. Luckily, there were a few peg numbers in reserve and we took them. But the pegs were miles apart and some of us had a twenty-two mile round journey to and from ours."

Lane arrived at his peg forty-five minutes after the start of the four-hour match—to learn with chagrin when it was over that his catch of 13 lb. 15¾ oz. was just a quarter of an ounce under the weight that took fourth prize.

Unlike most matches in the south, where fish below a specified size are not eligible for weighing, every tiddler counts in northern all-in angling, and frequently matches are decided and large sums of money change hands on dram-weights. This element, Lane thinks, gives all-in angling its peculiarly exciting character.

"Each competitor has a minimum 'swim' of twenty yards of river—and every fish in it is his if he can take it. It demands the same kind of concentration as a test match innings or a professional billiards match."

Considerable expertise is needed by all-in anglers. "You've got to stimulate, but not satisfy, the fish's appetite by throwing feeder bait in the water so that he'll approach the hookbait—which must be at just the right level according to river conditions and the type of fish."

Some fish, bream in particular, often "back-pedal" on approaching hookbait, sucking at it but trying to make sure that they are able to escape. Dace can take the bait off the hook so swiftly that the angler has barely time to register the dip of his float. Others, as a kind of fishy gambit, nose the bait upwards to give a false rise to the float before feeding.

A match angler has to be prepared for all

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My son Hadrian

by JACK TREVOR STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

The boy is a genius. Of course, he may never be a great scientist: but what a gangster he'll make!

I suffered three evenings on one flat note before screaming at Hadrian for an explanation

THE idea, I must admit, was mine. I introduced my son Hadrian to science-fiction because I felt that he was being influenced by too many gangster comics. I felt this particularly on the day I caught sight of the advertisement he was preparing for his school magazine.

Always an enterprising boy and of an inventive turn of mind ("I don't know where he gets his intelligence from," Rebecca often says, heartlessly), Hadrian had adapted a shilling cap gun to shoot pebbles and intended to market this lethal weapon at two shillings. I had no idea what was in his mind until I saw the ad:

TERRIFY YOUR PARENTS WITH MURDO
THE GUN THAT ACTUALLY KILLS
Two shillings, including live ammunition

Goodness knows what the masters and other parents would have said if that had got into the magazine. Anyway it was fraudulent, for the gun did not actually kill at all. I tried it on Rebecca, who jumped, but lived through it and told me to act my age. She said that, as the male parent of an exceptional twelve-year-old boy, I lacked a proper sense of responsibility.

Well, I did my best to put that right by confiscating Hadrian's crime literature—two large bundles—and giving him some new science-fiction magazines and comics, which I regarded as good, clean, robust nonsense.

Unfortunately, Hadrian held the same views. "Do I have to read this stuff?" he said. "Men going to Mars, space-ships travelling faster than light? It's impossible."

"Look at television," I told him. "With science, nothing is impossible. Look at the sound barrier; if planes can fly at the speed of sound, why not at the speed of light?"

This seemed to convince him, because although he made one or two tentative midnight searches for his gangster comics, he finally settled down in outer space. I should have known, though, that a son of mine could not be converted so easily. The strategy came into force as soon as he had grasped his subject. I was enjoying my evening rest with a thriller when he came to me with his first question.

"Dad . . . do you believe in the ultimate disintegration of the universe?"

That was easy. I told him that I did.

Halfway through the next chapter he came to me again. "Tell me, Dad . . . if it takes two space-ships ten million light years to travel to Venus, how long would one space-ship take to get to the moon travelling at half the speed?"

This time I lost my place. "Could I have the question again?" I asked him.

He gave it to me.

"I don't know," I said.

Rebecca, who was knitting and didn't need to concentrate, looked scornful. "Tell him," she said to Hadrian.

"I don't know either," Hadrian said.

But it was not until several badly interrupted evenings had passed that I caught on to the fact that the boy was trying to sicken me of science-fiction. That was when I began to hide my irritation and give him answers that were at least no more stupid than the questions.

He started up next in the middle of the Saturday night television programme and I had to turn it off to answer him.

"How much atomic energy would it take to drive a fifteen-ton space-rocket to Saturn?"

"One billion, three million, seven hundred and fifty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-four point eight ergs," I answered promptly, and turned up the programme again. That had taken some swotting in his wretched books, where I had found that energy was measured in ergs—which is not surprising. The figure didn't matter; nobody this side of sanity could contradict it.

"Thank you, Dad," he said. I was glad to see that he was astonished and subdued.

But, though subdued, he was not defeated. It

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Edward Iliff (right) watches aluminium being rolled from an ingot into sheets

On the London Underground aluminium alloy trains require less power to drive them

Strong and light, the frame of this deck-chair is made from tubes of aluminium

Aluminium makes our lives lighter

It's the metal that carries any burden. It puts colour in the kitchen, saves taxes and even keeps smugglers happy

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

SHOE manufacturers faced a problem when they were trying to answer a demand for high and slender heels. Fashion-conscious women, who bought the new style, complained of being stranded when their slim, wooden heels broke in two.

Elegance and safety were satisfied when one firm introduced heels made of aluminium. Today many of the women wearing fashion shoes walk on metal heels.

Women's shoe heels represent a minor outlet for aluminium, but this development pleased an energetic, forty-seven year old business man named Edward Iliff because it illustrates the metal's virtues of strength and lightness. As head of the sales development division of the Northern Aluminium Company, Limited, he is continually looking for new uses for the metal.

One of the major contributions made by Iliff's department was in the building at Wallsend of the 18,750-ton Norwegian ship Bergensfjord. She went into service last year as the first liner with an all-aluminium welded superstructure, and the saving of four hundred tons weight allows her to carry an additional sixty-seven passengers. The reduced top weight of the ship also cuts down the amount of rolling and the aluminium itself requires less repainting and general maintenance.

Aluminium's lightness has also been a boon to smugglers. One of them, who has only one leg, was caught on the border between East and West Germany wearing an aluminium artificial limb that was stuffed with contraband.

British lorry manufacturers are encouraged to use aluminium because the Road Fund Tax is based on unladen weight. For vehicles of more than four tons tare, the taxes increase at the rate of £5 per quarter ton a year. On a twelve ton tipper, the use of the lighter metal can save £30 a year in licence fees.

Iliff hopes that private motor car owners will benefit from the introduction of "bright anodized" aluminium, which can be used to replace chromium-plated parts. This new type of aluminium has an eighty-three per cent reflectivity (chromium plating has twenty per cent less) and it is exceptionally resistant to corrosion.

Aluminium has its own property of forming a film that provides resistance to corrosion. Anodizing is an electrolytic process that increases the film and, at the same time, permits tinting in a variety of light-fast colours.

"Bright anodized" aluminium will soon appear on domestic appliances—vacuum cleaners, cookers and refrigerators—and, according to Iliff, should result in reducing the price of these products.

Gaily tinted pots and pans have already appeared. One British manufacturer increased his sales three hundred per cent by adding colour to his goods.

Another contribution to kitchen work is aluminium foil. From an ingot weighing 50 lb., it is possible to manufacture six thousand square feet of foil suitable for wrapping, covering or cooking food. The foil is also used to make disposable oven liners that save the housewife from cleaning the interior of her oven. It can be used to keep the top of a cooker clean.

Wet aluminium foil brightens the lustre of silver plating. Hospitals lay foil .004 inches thick under operating room floors to dissipate static electricity harmlessly.

Iliff's department has developed various types of aluminium roofing. Durability tests conducted over many years show that aluminium compares more than favourably with copper, and reasonably well with lead and zinc.

Some churches and old buildings which had lead roofs, such as Gunby Hall in Lincolnshire, have replaced the original roofing with aluminium at a profit. At Gunby Hall, the new aluminium roof cost £622 (compared to £1,072 for copper), but the lead that was removed sold as scrap for £920, leaving a profit of £298.

When aluminium was first presented to the public at the Paris Exhibition of 1855, it was called "silver made from clay" because it was extracted from a mineral-bearing clay near the French village of Les Baux. The ore, which was called bauxite, is now mined in many countries. Four pounds of bauxite yield 2 lb. of aluminium oxide, which in turn produces 1 lb. of almost pure aluminium.

In 1855, aluminium was valued at £50 a pound. Napoleon III was fascinated by the new metal, and the first object made from it was a rattle for his infant son. The Empress Eugénie commissioned a set of aluminium cutlery to replace the gold plate at the Tuileries banquets. The Emperor advocated a coinage based on aluminium and was dissuaded only because its lightness would have meant making more valuable coins with very large diameters.

If France had substituted aluminium for gold, the new currency would have had to be revalued by 1888 when new methods of production brought the price tumbling from £50 to 8s. a pound. Today the British market price is about 1s. 9d. a pound.

World production of aluminium totalled only 10 lb. in the first ten years after 1855 and its use was confined to jewellery and statuary. As the cost of production dropped, new uses were found, and since 1900 the amount produced annually has doubled every ten years and is now about three million tons.

Some of this vast output is used in strange ways. In South Africa, a veterinary surgeon used aluminium tube to make a substitute leg for a pet crane that had been injured. In Canada, double sets of false teeth are made from aluminium with built-in magnets. Magnetic force tends to push the lightweight teeth apart, thus keeping them firmly in place. THE END

HARD

ON my way up the dale one morning, I gave a lift to Janet Firth of Cherry-garth, a thin, grey-eyed, attractive lass with a determined chin and a deal of imagination. She said: "I've heard old Martha's fixed with a bout of her rheumatics. I thought I'd lend her a hand for an hour or two."

It was nice of her. Not many folk would have cared to help Martha Higgs, with her sour tongue and irritable ways. For the last thirty years, since the death of her husband, she had lived alone in a match-box of a granite cottage tucked into the skirt of Throstle How. Recently she had been doing housework for Sim Wilson, a young chap even more dour than Martha.

I said: "I wonder how those two get on."

Janet laughed. "I don't know. I've never spoken to him. But I hear. . . ."

"I know. Hard as nails. Works from dawn till night. Doesn't seem to want to mix with the rest of us. For a chap of twenty-eight, it's queer."

We were ready enough to be friendly. Sim had come to the dale a couple of years since, taking a lease of Ireholme with its forty-odd acres spread by the river and a sizeable fell stint above. The first year he got rid of most of the Herdwicks and went all out on fattening Frisian calves. It paid him. There was good grass in those low meadows, though they tended to flood in rainy seasons. We were willing to have a crack with him about his venture, but his bleak manner held us at bay. We reckoned he must be very lonely. It was his own fault.

Getting closer to Martha's cottage, I could see the Ireholme fields beyond. Stuff like white smoke trailed above them. Sim had borrowed a lime-spreader, and the dust was drifting with the breeze. There had been heavy rain among the higher fells, and the Ire, in half-spate, had the effect of being a foot or two above Wilson's fields. This was because the course of the river had been diverted a century since, to gain more ground, and the banks built up.

I dropped Janet by the cottage gate. The whins rioting over Throstle How almost up to the back door were already in bud. Janet thanked me and went in—and the rest of the story more or less belongs to her.

Martha, dumped stiffly in a chair, greeted her without a smile.

"What d'ye want?"

Janet said: "Would it help if I tidied up a bit and made you a meal?"

"Aye," she said ungraciously. "I'm fairly

Sim held her wrists, his eyes shining and confident. "I love you," he told Janet. "When will we get married?"

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

AS NAILS

by ***DUDLEY HOYS***

Work was all he had time for... work and himself. Could Janet really be happy with a man who had no heart?

helpless with the screws." While Janet busied herself, the small, leathery old woman dropped brief remarks. Janet asked her how Sim Wilson was managing without her assistance.

"Him?" She grunted. "He'll do. He can take care of himself. He's tough, is yon."

"Has he been to see you?"

She gave a grim laugh. "Wasting his time like that? Nay."

"Well, I think he might have."

Martha said with a kind of begrudging admiration: "Thinks nowt of owt but his farming. This year he's all for hay. Reckons that after last year's drought and this dry spring, hay will be a hell of a price. Maybe he's right. He's nay fool."

Janet glanced through the window. In front of the cottage wound a beck draining into the Ire. Beyond this was the nearest of Wilson's meadows, the short grass white with lime. She could make him out in the distance, chugging along with the spreader.

Martha was saying: "Buying a baler he is, on the never-never. Reckons he'll get a hundred tons of hay, and hire out baler to them as wants it."

An hour later, leaving the cottage with no thanks from Martha, Janet had a sudden impulse to cross the limed field and speak to Sim Wilson.

He was turning by the far wall as she came up, and her first impression was of a man around middle age, due to the lime dust blanching his hair. He had straight features and pale blue eyes. He looked at her without expression.

"Aye?" he said.

She told him her name, and how she had been tidying up for Martha. "Must be awkward just now," she went on, "having to cook your own meals."

He shrugged. "Makes little odds. She's a feckless old kite."

It was not so much the words, but the way he said them, that shocked her. He seemed to convey that the old and helpless were better dead.

Janet said: "If you had rheumatism. . . ."

"I'd be jiggered." To her surprise, his mouth creased into a very human grin. It changed him to an appealing young man. "I doubt if any Iredale folk would offer to lend me a hand."

"Whose fault's that?"

He said: "Mine, maybe. But I've had nay time for beer and lasses and motor-bikes and all that feckless messing around. I'm going to make a do of Ireholme, or bust."

She nodded at the limed fields. "Good soil there."

His eyes lit up. "Gey good. Most of the dale meadows are sour and peaty. The flooding here's brought fine soil with it. That last flooding, just before I came, when bank got broke down and had to be blocked with boulders, scared off likely tenants. That's why I got the place cheap. I could see farther than them."

"You must have spent a lot on basic slag and lime."

Her interest was making him nearly animated. "Aye, up to the hilt. But it will be worth it. I'll clear five hundred quid out of the hay." His laugh had a tautness. "I'll have to, working on borrowed money."

She said: "I'll leave you to it. You might spend a few minutes now and again with old Martha while she's in this state."

"Depends. Farming comes first."

"Farming's not everything," she said, and something in her look must have cut through the dour crust of him. His mouth widened in a slow, slightly bewildered smile. For a moment he was like a decent, puzzled schoolboy.

"I've enjoyed this crack," he said. "And I ought to have been working. Maybe if I come down dale one evening, and you're around. . . ."

She wanted to laugh, and checked herself. "Maybe."

As she made her way back to Cherrygarth she found herself hoping he would turn up some night. It was strange. In scarcely any way did he conform with her idea of a young man she could love, and yet there was something about him, something very deep down, that moved her. She would have to be careful.

He arrived the following Sunday evening, in his best suit and a clean shirt without collar or tie. His washed, shaven face was strong and intelligent. He sat in the flagged kitchen, and talked farming. When she asked after Martha, he said without interest: "Nay much better. Maybe a little bit."

"Poor old thing."

"She's had her life."

"That's a beastly way of putting it."

"It's common sense. When old folk get useless. . . ."

"One of these days you may be old and useless yourself."

"Then I hope I snuff it quick." He reverted to his farming talk. Hay, he expected, would reach at least £15 a ton in the North by the end of the year. Those meadows of his were coming on fine. Once the baling was done, there should be enough fog, the short, lush after-growth, to graze a fair number of beasts.

She had to admire that craggy self-reliance of his.

After that, he came every Sunday. He told her something of his early life, how he was brought up on a poor farm, his mother dying young and his father slaving to run both the house and the fields.

He said: "There was three of us kids, and we had no time to play. It was just as well. I learned how to work, and that's what gets a chap on."

He told her how he had planned ahead, borrowing money for Ireholme, and how this year's all-hay scheme was bound to succeed unless the weather turned extra bad.

"All farming's a gamble. As a farmer's daughter, you'll know that. But I'm beginning to count my chickens." His face was quite lively. "Them fields are coming along splendid."

"How's Martha?"

"Her? Oh. Getting around more."

"Can she do any housework for you yet?"

"Nay. Doesn't matter. I eat when I can. And a bit of dust about the place makes no odds. . . ."

The weather remained warm and sunny. For a fortnight she saw nothing of him. Then he arrived an hour before dusk on a hot Sunday evening. Earlier, the higher fells had vanished behind a gun-metal pall, the silence of the upper dale giving place to ominous rumblings of thunder, the air growing sticky with the threat of a great storm. But only the tall peaks and ridges received that hissing downpour. The pall thinned away, wet crags glistened grey-blue in the clean, cooling atmosphere, and the Ire rose a couple of feet, frothing white on its race to the sea.

For once, Sim Wilson turned up without his Sunday best. He was in an old shirt and corduroys. His eyes gleamed with triumph. He took her by the wrist.

"Janet, come up and see. Come up now."

She could scarcely keep pace with him on the walk up the dale. When they reached Ireholme his exultant mood was explained. Forty acres of fine hay lay in yellowing swathes. In the field nearest the farmhouse

Continued on page 25

Coppists pilot the D-Day armada

by BILL STRUTTON
and MICHAEL PEARSON

Just off the Normandy beaches they waited, ready to signal the invaders in. If the enemy spotted them it meant disaster

For two days Paul Clark and his men lay off the Normandy shore in a submarine. Through his periscope he watched Germans sunbathing

In a storm Peter Wild led a squadron of tank carriers. Tow lines snapped and charts were soaked. But the men reached the right beaches

SUDDENLY, without warning, the firing started. Bullets spurted into the sea all round the submerged submarine. "Down periscope!" ordered Lieutenant-Commander Nigel Willmott.

He and the four other men in the submarine listened intently, aware of the noise of their breathing and the thumping of their pulses. Through the hull came the sound again—a strange pinging, some of it a long way off, but one or two bullets startlingly close.

Had the Germans really seen their periscope? It had been raised for only six inches—a foot at the most—above the waves, and for not more than a minute at a time.

"We'll soon know," said Willmott, "if they whistle up the Luftwaffe, or E-boats."

The firing was a cause for alarm, quite apart from the personal danger involved. The submarine, a midget one, was only three hundred and eighty yards off a beach near St. Laurent in Normandy.

Willmott and the two other passengers belonged to a top secret naval unit known as C.O.P.P. — Combined Operations Pilotage Parties. Their mission, that afternoon in mid-January, 1944, was to examine the beaches picked for the invasion of Europe, due to take place in five months' time. The lives of thousands of troops depended on finding out the positions of gun emplacements, the exact degree of firmness of the sand and other factors which would affect the landings. Even more depended on the Coppists not letting the enemy know of their visit.

The firing continued, erratically now, and Willmott hoped that the submarine had merely strayed into some small arms practice. Slowly the submarine backed into deeper water. Then the firing ceased.

When Willmott ventured another peep through the periscope the sky was empty of aircraft, but it was darkening. This raised a problem. Swimmers were to land on the beach. Should he retire farther out to sea and come in later to release them—in that case, the swimmers might lose their bearings and land on the wrong beach—or should the submarine stay bottomed where she was and risk the vengeance of German craft that might turn up at any minute? Willmott decided to stay.

Soon after dark, Major Logan Scott-Bowden and Sergeant Ogden Smith struggled into their rubber suits, and climbed on to the casing as the submarine moved quietly inshore. Then they slipped overboard and swam towards the beach. Their feet touched sand.

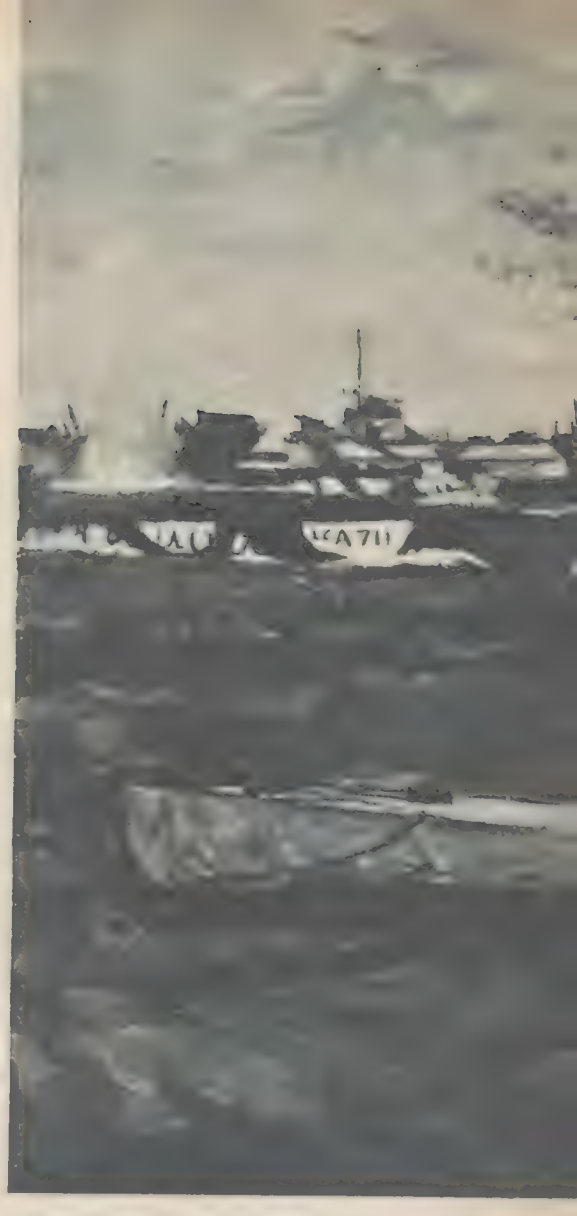
They crawled into the shallows—to face, almost immediately, the glare of a sentry's torch, flicked on from the top of the sea wall. It shone directly at them. Flat on their bellies at the water's edge, they froze. Another torch joined the first one. Everything was uncannily quiet. The sea lapped the sand gently, without surf. The men knew from experience on exercises that, as long as they kept still, they might not be noticed.

The torches went out. After five tense minutes the Coppists backed carefully into the sea, edging westwards till they were almost in front of the groynes. The sea was so calm that they had no difficulty in using their augers to pick up samples of sand underwater.

They crawled up the beach, taking more samples. This was done by each man driving into the sand at the water's edge a metal stake, to which was tied one end of a fishing line. As he moved away from the stake, he paid out the line from its reel. Beads were on the line at intervals, and every time one of them slipped through his fingers he took a sample, put it into a small rubber pouch and put the pouch into his bandolier. The line was kept close to the surface of the sand by means of pegs knocked in every fifteen yards or so.

Both men were busy at this when: *Hallo,* thought Smith. *Footprints!* They led towards the back of the beach. Then he heard the soft thud of boots on sand. He tapped the major to warn him.

There were two sentries. They came tramping across the beach. No sooner were they abreast of the Coppists than there was a curse and one of the dim shapes fell. At the same time Smith was aghast to feel the line in his



As the invasion fleet stormed into the beaches

ILLUSTRATION BY ZELINSKI

the Coppists on the midget submarine cheered excitedly. The men in the landing craft stared grimly ahead . . . towards the fire-swept shallows

hand tighten and go slack. The German had stumbled over one of Smith's pegs.

While the other sentry halted, the fallen man picked himself up, muttering. He looked about him, brushed himself, hitched on his rifle and gas-mask cylinder, and the pair of them moved off.

The two swimmers breathed again. One good thing: with sentries walking about, there were obviously no mines. . . .

Offshore, in the midget submarine, Willmott scanned a sky which threatened rain. He decided to stay surfaced and to anchor for fear of losing his bearings.

He peered at the luminous dial of his watch. Twenty-past-nine. It was then that he spotted dim torch signals from Scott-Bowden and Smith on the shore, who were ready to be picked up. He moved to haul up the anchor. But it would not budge. He tugged again. It was stuck fast, probably in mud. He began heaving desperately. He didn't want his swimmers to be too long in this icy water.

The dark bulk of Lieutenant Ken Hudspeth, the submarine commander, rose out of the hatch forward and joined him on the casing. Hudspeth, an Australian, wrapped his huge hands over the cable next to Willmott's and together they pulled. No good.

It was tempting to cut the cable; Willmott wanted his Coppists fit for the following night's sorties. But he would need the anchor, too—and anyway, if it were abandoned, it would be found at low tide and betray their visit.

"All right," said Hudspeth. "We'll back the submarine out."

The submarine dragged the anchor free and moved quietly in towards the now plaintive torch signals.

Scott-Bowden and his sergeant were numb with cold by the time they had swum to the submarine, and been hauled aboard. They flopped painfully across the casing like seals, gasping.

The submarine withdrew to charge the batteries—not far, for a slight offshore wind which had risen helped to blanket the noise of their charging, and it was simpler, for the work that lay ahead, to hug the coast as closely as was safe. Willmott, Hudspeth and the submarine's number one took turns on watch, standing ready to cut the anchor cable in case of alarm, while Scott-Bowden and Smith below stripped and checked their gear, oiled and greased their guns, wrote up their reports and concocted a hot meal from tins heated on their little stove.

Then the submarine bottomed and they all slept.

JUST before dawn they raised the induction mast and ventilated the tiny submarine with air sucked down by the engines. It was the last fresh air—laden with the smell of the diesels—that they would get for ten hours.

The neighbouring beach of Colleville now came under their scrutiny. They had to do a lot of manoeuvring, and the submarine scraped across a sandbar before they reached a position from which to scan and map the sector. With memories of the previous day's firing still puzzling them, they were cautious with the periscope.

The rest was routine—they saw emplacements, demolished houses, a bucket excavator leading up to earthworks where soldiers and civilians toiled. The beginnings of concrete defences barred the exit to the beach. There were no mine-warning notices to be seen. In less than two hours Willmott had sketched it all, and they withdrew.

By now the five men, cramped in a space not much larger than a stair cupboard, were beginning to feel groggy. Their heads ached violently from the lack of oxygen. One or two were doubled over with stomach pain. Concentration became a matter of savage will.

Thirty minutes later they surfaced a mile and a half from the shore. It was night. Hudspeth opened the hatch and a great gust of cold air rushed through the submarine. Its immediate effect was to make them all sick.

At about 9 p.m. they went to within three hundred yards of the shore at Colleville. Out on the casing, and with a job ahead of them, Scott-Bowden and Smith perked up a little. They slipped into the water and were away. Night visibility was too good for the submarine to stay where she was, so she slid out into the calm water.

They had come up out of the sea and were almost to the top of the beach when the bombing started—an R.A.F. raid in the direction of Caen. For a moment, as each bomb-burst stabbed the sky, the objects around the Coppists stood out, casting shadows.

The major checked Smith, who was scraping noisily over rock. His touch said: *that's enough; this is as far as we can go.* He grabbed a rock sample, thrust it into his bag, and back they wriggled towards the sea.

They reached the water's edge and flashed the submarine. If they expected the recovery to be a simple affair lasting only a few minutes, they were mistaken. It was half an hour before the submarine appeared.

By this time, Scott-Bowden was exhausted. The bag of rock samples slipped from his hand as he climbed aboard. It dropped into the sea and vanished. He cursed wearily.

Down in the submarine's control-room the men restored themselves with sips from their brandy flasks, and the major gradually recovered

enough stamina to begin mourning in round Elizabethan terms the loss of the precious samples, and imagining what Intelligence would say about him.

Smith let him enjoy the full measure of his grief. Then he put a hand into one of the inner compartments of his suit and brought something into the light.

"Is this what you're looking for, sir?" he inquired innocently. It was a piece of Colleville rock.

Willmott and his men spent one more day scouting the beaches of Normandy, then turned for home.

The submarine berthed safely at Fort Blockhouse, Portsmouth. Willmott sent in his reports, and phoned his fiancée, Leading Wren Prue Wright.

Then a storm of congratulations broke around him. There was a "Well done" from Admiral Sir Philip Vian, naval commander of Force J; backpats from the chiefs of staff; another from the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, and more from other interested senior naval officers.

Willmott's idea of beach reconnaissance—once viewed with such distaste as too harebrained to merit serious thought—was suddenly basking blushfully in honours.

A few days later Willmott was at the headquarters of General Montgomery's 21st Army Group. By then, scientists had examined the Coppists' sand and rock samples. The sand, with its underlayer of rock, *was* hard enough for landing heavy vehicles. The offshore gradients *were* suitable at the right tide level. These basic worries settled, the planners could now concentrate on conquering the defences.

At last Willmott felt he could afford to relax and get himself patched up. He had been ill with stomach ulcers for a year now, constantly driving himself despite acute pain, and he knew he could not carry on much longer. A medical officer examined him and said brusquely: "First, take some leave. If the pains don't clear up, come and see me again. We shall take a look inside you."

WILLMOTT handed over the leadership of Copp team No. 2 to Lieutenant-Commander Paul Clark. He kept on his staff job for the Normandy assault. But by March his failing health forced him to hand that over, too.

He and Prue Wright were married on March 27, 1944. Their wedding was in London at Holy Trinity, Brompton Road, and the Coppists from the Hayling Island depot came up to fête them. Unknown to their officers, the depot lads had been busy making a special set of ropes for the wedding. When Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Willmott emerged from the church in the thin spring sunlight, and came out under an avenue of crossed swords, the sailors shackled the ropes on to the bridal carriage—a taxi—and with a bunch of army commandos lending a hand, bore them hilariously up Knightsbridge to the hotel reception.

Photographers flocking in the wake of the wedding took all the usual poses—at the church door, at the gate, and getting into the taxi, but missed the one picture which made this wedding unique. For it was a combined operation—probably the first time sailors and soldiers had pulled the carriage of a Service bridal pair. . . .

Meanwhile, preparations for D-Day were rolling on massively. The Coppists still had vital work to do. The plan for Overlord—the code name of the invasion—was that four Copp teams would be out in front of the armada, guiding the assault waves safely in to the chosen beaches. Others would scout ahead in midget submarines, find the beaches and lie off them till the hour came to surface and hoist beacons.

The shortage of space in midget submarines had robbed Lieutenant Geoff Galwey, one of Willmott's right-handers, of a seat in the previous mission to France. He was determined not to be left out of the next one. In the meantime, however, as maintenance officer of C.O.P.P.1, he had the headache of working out a faultless marking technique for the submarines. Offshore they would have to be more

"You know that nylon shirt you bought that was going to last for ever . . .?"

discreet than ever in the hours preceding the invasion. It would be midsummer. The hours of daylight would be long. And if a sight of them gave the defences only a few hours' warning, it could be disastrous.

It was perhaps for this reason that the Americans refused the British offer of Copp markers for their sectors—the beach areas labelled "Omaha" and "Utah." They would accept only the offer of pilots.

"Omaha" — the Vierville - St. Laurent-Colleville area—was the sector Willmott had reconnoitred most thoroughly. The Allied strategic plan had allotted it to the American-commanded naval force O conveying the U.S. Fifth Corps, thus giving them the benefit of detailed data on landing conditions as well as an intimate, close-up account of the shore defences.

It took Galwey and his fellow-Coppists all the spring of 1944 to fit out the midget submarines for the invasion. The problem of the marking technique was solved by equipping each submarine with a small anchor to which was tied two miles of weighted string. The idea was simple. The submarine sneaked inshore to

ARGUMENT—I

Do not choose to be wrong for the sake of being different.

Lord Samuel

obtain a positive navigational "fix" of her position, dropped the anchor and then slithered back to a safe waiting position out to sea, paying out the string over the seabed. Although the submarine was out of sight of the original landmarks, she still had a precise "fix," measured by the string.

With the solution of this and other difficulties the Coppists were ready for their D-Day rôle.

On the evening of Friday, June 2, two midget submarines, X23 and X20, slipped out of the East Gate in Portsmouth boom and went to a position near Spithead. There they made rendezvous with motor launch escorts and two trawlers which were to tow the submarines part of the way across the Channel.

Just before dawn the trawlers signalled with shaded lights. The men on the wave-washed submarines' casings slipped the tows. The trawlers and escorts turned about. In a few minutes they were gone.

The submarines kept company till dawn, when they dived and headed south. For the whole of that Saturday they travelled submerged at two knots.

It was eleven o'clock that evening before either craft surfaced to proceed through the minefield which hemmed the coast of Normandy. Its web stretched across the Bay of the Seine; through it the invasion fleet was to stream in channels cleared by outriding minesweepers. The submarines relied on their shallow draft for getting over the minefield safely.

Having surmounted the mines, the submarines dived again. As the sea and sky lightened on the second day, there was the French coast.

Submarine X23, with Coppist leader Lieutenant Geoffrey "Thin Red" Lyne aboard, went in cautiously until Lyne could pick out some little villages west of the Orne River mouth—the only positive coastal features in a wide desolation of tidal flat and dune. He took cross-bearings on half a dozen close landmarks. Then he relaxed. His dead reckoning had brought the submarine spot-on to her position west of the River Orne. This was Sword sector; here the left flank of the British assault would pour its armour and troops ashore for the drive on Caen.

Five miles to the west, X20 was questing inshore. Lieutenant-Commander Paul Clark, a brilliant navigator, had also brought his submarine dead opposite her allotted beach. It was near Courseulles.

Clark looked out upon a strange peacefulness. It was Sunday. The beach was dotted with figures—soldiers sunning themselves and idly looking out to sea. A lot of the beach, then, was not mined. Clark gave the order to dive, and the tiny craft bottomed. There was nothing to do now but wait, sleep, play cards and liar dice, and come awash after dark. Then they would hoist their whip aerial and tune in to the B.B.C. for a code message which would come after the news, telling them on which dawn to hoist their lamps and start blinking their welcome to the fleet.

The submarine came awash in darkness soon after 11 p.m. The fresh air made the men giddy. They took it in turns, two at a time, to stand on the casing while their first hot meal, of soup and some meat and vegetables, was prepared. The stove's solid fuel pellets started a horrible reeking through the submarine—worse than the foul air they had been breathing all day. It was hardly worth it for something warm.

Midnight came. With the aerial hoisted, the news bulletin came through quite clearly. After it, the announcer started on the code messages. At last he came to theirs.

"For Padfoot. Unwell in Scarborough."

They stared at each other in disbelief. The invasion had been postponed for twenty-four hours.

The day had been a lovely one. It did not seem likely, from the weather portents around them, that tomorrow would be any worse. But, of course, the outlook from the other side of the Channel, a hundred miles north, might be quite different.

Dawn came and mocked the Coppists with its serenity. This was to have been D-Day. The light broke upon a smooth sea. There was a gentle breeze. Whatever the Allied forecasters had tipped, today would have been ideal for the landings here.

X20 checked her fix with great care, dropped anchor, and dived for another uneasy wait. Once submerged, she was powerless to move until nightfall, for there was no means of retrieving the anchor except by surfacing. If any emergency forced her awash under the nose of the Germans, she was as good as lost.

By the end of the second day, after more than seventeen hours shut in their submarines, both crews were feeling groggy. The worst moments came when they surfaced in the cool darkness. The waves of fresh air which flooded past them as they climbed out on to the casings hit them hard. They stumbled about blearily, with aching heads, feeling as if they had the worst hangovers in the world.

The light flashing upon them from the Pointe de Ver lighthouse hurt their eyes, and was sinister in its implication of a passing German convoy. But what made the night's greeting more than usually wretched was the sea. It had risen since morning and now surged powerfully across the casing, pitching the craft about and making those aloft grab desperately for handholds.

They were in for a blow. It looked bad for the landings.

Clark tuned in his radio for the midnight news. When that was over, the announcer had another message for Padfoot. Again, it was unexpected, in view of the fact that the weather was worsening.

The landings were to take place at dawn. . . .

BEFORE five o'clock the submarines had their signals rigged for the great host that was wallowing towards them somewhere in the darkness.

Then the Coppists heard the aircraft, The wind and sea had masked the sound of their approach, and now they were droning almost directly overhead, flying south. Inland, German searchlights probed the sky. In a few minutes the horizon beyond the shoreline flashed with bomb explosions.

The sun was rising. The wave-crests were white and wind-blown in a grey world. But there was no sign of the assault boats. They were late.

On the casings of the tiny submarines the Coppists felt alone and exposed, waiting while the shapes of houses and emplacements ashore declared themselves slowly in the growing day.

And then the guns opened up. Shells flew overhead and landed on the shore.

Robin Harbud knelt on the casing, signalling his position to the armada by striking a bong stick. This was a long metal rod thrust into the sea bed. When hit, the noise could be picked up by Asdic apparatus twelve miles away.

At last the boats came. The gale had blanketed their engines, too. Lines of boats were streaking in from the dim hulls of their mother ships. The leaders were soon abreast of the submarine.

Harbud, Hudspeth and Clark began to wave, jump and shout on the casing in a crazy dance of welcome.

Now the long landing craft, loaded

Sharps

Sharps
the word for
TOFFEE

royal
assorted

super kreem

A MEAL TO REMEMBER

by DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

IN 1940 I was sent by President Roosevelt on a diplomatic mission to the Argentine. There I attended an open-air reception in my honour, held in barbecue style on a ranch belonging to a government official.

I was introduced to the other guests and we all sat in a circle, in the centre of which was a glowing charcoal fire. Two vertical iron poles flanked the fire, supporting a revolving crosspiece on which was transfixed a heifer, complete with head, horns and tail. Over a second, smaller fire, a huge panful of empanadas was being fried. These are traditional Argentinian savoury pasties, with a spiced filling of meat, tomatoes and onions.

At last the chef declared the heifer ready and, with a ceremonial flourish, cut into it. As guest of honour, I was handed the first helping. It was a huge section of beef and, to my horror, I saw that it consisted of the meat, hide and even the hair of the animal.

All eyes turned towards me, and my host signalled that I should start eating. I had no knowledge of Argentinian eating habits and, fearing to offend anyone, I forced myself to cut a slice and try to eat everything. I shall never forget the agonized minute that it took me to swallow.

I was just bracing myself for the second mouthful, wondering how I could tactfully escape, when a kind neighbour noticed my panic and whispered: "The skin comes away easily, you know. You don't have to eat the hide and hair unless you really want to. No one else does." I looked up to find everyone staring at me in amazement.

Thank goodness, the empanadas were by this time a delicious golden brown. I asked for one—and ate it quickly. It was so good that I even managed to recover my appetite.

How to make empanadas

For the paste: rub ¼ lb. butter and ¼ lb. lard well into 1¼ lb. self-raising flour. Break in two eggs and mix them in—still using the hands. Season with a little salt and add just sufficient water to produce a smooth dough. Roll the dough until it is about a quarter-inch thick. Cut the paste into circles about the size of a small teaplate.

For the filling: in a very little fat, fry a finely chopped onion until it begins to brown, then add six ripe peeled tomatoes. Fry well and then add 1 lb. minced lean meat, stirring well. After a few moments throw in ¼ lb. raisins and season with salt and pepper and tabasco or chili sauce to taste.

Divide the filling equally between the circles of paste (there should be about two large spoonsful of filling to

every portion of paste). Place on top of each mound of filling one slice of hard-boiled egg and two stoned olives. Roll or wrap the paste round the filling—painting with beaten egg to make the paste stick—and bake in the oven until a golden brown. If preferred, the empanadas may be fried.

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with the amphibious tanks, could be seen. It was too rough for the tanks to swim, and the landing craft were taking them all the way in. They were late on an awful sea and a rising tide. They would probably have to crash the beach obstacles. The beaching was going to be a chancy business.

Amid the noise nobody could have heard the shouts of encouragement from the three men on the submarine. Nor was it likely that anybody saw them, with the grim prospect of the fire-swept shallows ahead. The first wave of boats ploughed past.

Around and beyond them to seaward the spouts sent up by the defending shells were shredded as the wind took them. A wide array of mother ships was still letting down boats.

Just then a rocket ship coming astern loosed a great salvo over the submarine at the shore. The men felt the wind of it, cringed and stared indignantly.

"That might have taken our hands off," protested Harbud.

It was a weak joke, but they all laughed loudly. It was such a wonderful day.

Geoff Galwey was not to be left out of all this. He had organized a place at the landings not only for himself but also for two of his desperadoes, the chunky Petty Officer Arthur Briggs and his mate, a man named Fish. Galwey had wangled a trip in a motor launch on the pretext that only he and his fellow-Coppists could tell the crew what sort of noise would be made on their Asdic by a bong stick.

As soon as the launch was under way with the fleet, Briggs stationed himself proudly at the boat's two-pounder gun. He was a crack gunner. "It'll take me about ten minutes to get the hang of this one," he said.

The launch had plenty of navigational aids. Nevertheless, that did not stop her from being misdirected into the wrong sea-lane.

"Well, what do we do?" the captain grumbled.

"We stay in it," said Galwey cheerfully, "until we come out at the end."

JUST before dawn Galwey was called to the Asdic. "It sounds as though it's caught pimples, sir," said the rating who was operating it.

Galwey cocked his ear to the pinging. It was Harbud, hard at work on the bong stick, away to the south.

"That's our marker."

Soon they picked up the midget submarine's radar blips, too. Then, after a longer while, the naked blue light on the submarine's signal mast shone faintly against a dark coast.

All around, the assault craft reared at the angry sea. The landing craft commanders had made a brave decision—to take the amphibious tanks right inshore and crash the underwater beach obstacles rather than let the tanks down in this sea, where, whether they were *supposed* to swim or not, they would certainly drown.

Some of the infantry landing craft were ahead of the tanks, and they touched down first on a beach under heavy fire from a garrison that had survived the bombing.

Galwey was suddenly conscious of Briggs at his elbow. "Ten shells lined up by the two-pounder, sir. I could have 'em off in a minute. Could you sort us out a target, please?"

Galwey lifted his field glasses and scanned the shore. Great Scott, the tide was high! The tanks had their guns pounding away at the defences as they waddled out of the water towards the beach exits. The tide had shrunk the foreshore to a narrow fire-pitted strip. Unless the mine-clearing flail and engineer tanks got ashore soon to open up the way inland, the jam on the beach would be catastrophic.

Some landing craft, pulling back through the beach obstacles after unloading their tanks, had been hit and were on fire.

For an instant the smoke veiling the seafront parted and Galwey saw the houses with their stark, empty upper floors. A couple of them burned fiercely. Another spat fire.

That was the one. He tapped Briggs on the shoulder.

Briggs quickly sighted his two-pounder on the house. The gun banged three times, and three explosions blossomed at the upper floor window. Then the whole front wall of the house slowly caved inwards.

"Any more, sir?"

After that, Galwey could hardly refuse to keep Briggs supplied with targets.

It was a couple of hours before they and Fish managed to thumb a lift ashore. The beach was still under fire as they wandered about, looking for work.

They followed a file of infantrymen over the seawall and across the promenade. They went on through the village, past a mortar with its dead crew lying around it.

Then they saw some stretcher-bearers. They followed them and came to an orchard in which a medical post had been set up. There, in the orchard, was work to do—helping to give first aid to the wounded. . . .

Farther east, where the 3rd British Division was to land, the other midget submarine, X23, was shipping so much water from the rough sea through her forehatch that her pumps had to work continuously. Her gyro compass had broken down and Lyne no longer had any means of checking his position because landmarks were obscured by the smoke of the bombardment. Patiently, he began to signal with a lamp to seaward. As the sun rose over the bleak scene, he ran up a flag in place of the lamp.

The landing craft were suddenly swarming towards them. At 7.5 a.m., those carrying amphibious tanks passed them. Leading in two squadrons of tanks of the 13th/18th Hussars were the men of Copp team No. 6, with Lieutenant - Commander Douglas "Daddy" Amer navigating one assault boat and Lieutenant Peter Wild another. They had come through an uncomfortable night—a wretched crossing with engine breakdowns, parting tows, navigating instruments going haywire, and chart tables drenched under the water they had shipped. It was with relief that they homed on to the X23's mast light and made for their beach, code-named Queen.

Amer's craft had a pole out, taking soundings. Half-a-mile from the beach, Amer loud-hailed the bearing of the centre of it to his squadron's leader.

But between the two squadrons of landing craft carrying the amphibious tanks came in a flotilla of other landing craft with engineer tanks. The first landing craft were lagging slightly on time and, before they knew what was happening, the others were among them and going across their bows. To the screaming of shells and the noise of the bombardment were added a couple of crashes as two craft collided.

To add to the confusion, salvoes from rocket ships astern began falling short among the tangled flotillas, throwing up columns of water. By sheer luck there was not a single hit. The engineer tank craft disentangled themselves hurriedly by going astern.

The infantry broke from their landing craft and made for the foreshore and the dunes. Meanwhile the guns of the amphibious tanks covered them. In spite of the wind, weather, tide and collisions, they had all landed exactly on their marks.

The same could not be said for the "Omaha" sector, where the American Naval Force O, which had refused the offer of Copp markers, was convoying in the Fifth U.S. Corps. In the early hours of D-Day, Force O halted in heavy weather twelve miles offshore. The mother craft started lowering their great brood of assault boats into an angry sea.

Many were swamped almost immediately; in the remainder, the G.I.s baled with their helmets to keep afloat. Some of the amphibious tanks braved a launching from their landing craft; most of them sank within a few yards. Several struggled on helplessly before they were swamped.

Twelve miles out, and with no inshore signal to guide it, the assault force did not realize how much the weather and powerful tidal currents were sweeping it steadily to the east. By the time the boats came within sight of the shore they were too late and too far off course to pick up their landmarks. It was a case of their captains gritting their teeth and running blindly in.

Only two tanks out of the whole force of amphibious armour designed to crack the beach defences for the following infantry actually reached shore. Without them, the infantry went in through a storm of fire.

On Dog Green and Fox Green beaches the assault boats grounded, not opposite the lightly-held strips that had been chosen for them, but right under heavy German strong points. The guns of these blazed as the battalions landed and ran for the scanty cover of the shingle-piled seawalls or backed, dismayed, into the illusory shelter of the water. In all, three thousand men were killed. . . .

WHEN the two midget submarines had seen the beaches thoroughly signposted, and had tired of watching the fireworks ashore, they joined the trawlers waiting to tow them home.

Safely in Portsmouth, the Coppists drifted in to H.M.S. Dolphin and swapped stories. Harbud sipped a pink gin. He said: "We had a wonderful mark for navigating—a little lighthouse sticking out, all on its own. Then some clot blew the top off."

Galwey said: "They should have let us ashore sooner. We had nothing left to shoot at."

There was a very liquid reunion in the wardroom that night. It nearly developed into a free-for-all when a couple of Coastal Forces officers turned up. Their boats, they said, had been the first craft off Normandy on the morning of the invasion.

"What are you talking about?" Harbud snorted. "We had a pew for Mass there last Sunday. It was a back pew some hundreds of yards off Courseulles Church, but nevertheless. . . ."

What clinched it for them all was a signal to the Copp teams from Admiral Sir Philip Vian, a man known to be somewhat sparing with kind words.

His signal read: CONGRATULATIONS TO THE VANGUARD OF OVERLORD.

THE END

"The Secret Invaders," by Bill Strutton and Michael Pearson, will be published as a book by Hodder and Stoughton next year at 16s.

Hard as nails

Continued from page 19

about an acre had already been baled, and the baler itself stood by the gateway.

"Aye," he said, a lilt in his voice, "I baled that lot tonight. I couldn't resist it." He pulled a wisp from one of the bales. "Look at it. Smell it. Grand stuff. And the glass is set fair. Directly dew's off in morning I'll be at work, and in two or three days. . . ."

Suddenly he was holding both her wrists. His eyes were wide and shining and confident. "Janet, I couldn't say it before. I can now, with this nearly in the bag." He nodded at the hay. "I love you. When will we get married?"

So long was her silence, he misconstrued it. He said: "Lass! I mean it. I do."

She felt a painful tightness in her throat. What she had to tell him was hard to explain; and, however she put it, he was going to be hurt.

She drew her hands away gently. "I wish you hadn't said that. If only we could have stayed just friends. . . ."

"Friends!" He stared at her, genuinely amazed. "Me coming along every Sunday like that. You must have known why."

"I didn't. Or if I did, I tried not to believe it."

That was beyond him. As if trying to find an answer to his groping, he looked around at the lower fells, thick with their greenery of June brackens.

He said: "Janet, there's something you're keeping back. Is there another chap?"

"No."

"I'm not good enough?"

She said in a whisper: "Don't talk like that. It's nonsense."

"That's as maybe. If you thought I was visiting on Sundays same as folks going out for a cup of tea and a crack with a neighbour, that's nonsense too. I don't waste time like that."

He was staring at her in a sort of pleading disbelief. He went on with pathetic bluntness: "Don't you want me?"

SHE had to meet his eyes. For moments she was tempted to convince herself that there could be nothing wrong with a man like this. She was infinitely sorry for him, and that made things worse.

The tightness of her throat made her voice sound husky. "I wonder if you'll understand. I like you. I like you a lot. But. . . ."

"I'm listening."

"I don't think you've really got a heart. Or if you have, you've built a wall over it."

He blinked at her. "What's that mean?"

"You're so wrapped up in yourself, you've no time for other people, except me. And I wonder if you've really time for me."

The puzzlement in his eyes changed to blankness. "That a polite way of telling me I'm not your sort?"

She allowed herself to take one of his hands. "No, it isn't. I wish I could explain without hurting you. But I suppose I can't avoid it." She pointed at some crags darkening under evening shadow. "You're as hard as those."

His mouth set. "So that's the trouble?"

"Yes. I could never be happy with a man like that. And yet, sometimes. . . ."

"Go on," he said to her in a sombre voice.

"Sometimes, I almost believe you've a different side."

"I'm what I am, and nowt will alter it." His tone was almost ugly.

There was another long silence. She wanted to run her fingers over his rigid face, purse his lips into a smile, wanted to beg him to be more lighthearted, to give himself a chance. But he suddenly swung round, and said over his shoulder: "Then that's that," and walked away.

Her lashes were moist as she started to walk home through the twilight. If he had come running after her, she would have thrown her better judgment to the winds. But his last words had been final, typical of the man.

Passing Throstle Cottage, she saw old Martha watering her few flowers that grew beneath the porch. Martha called: "I'm in better fettle."

Janet said: "That's good."

The old woman was staring at her keenly. "Summat wrong, lass?" She asked the question sharply, without sympathy.

"No."

"Then I've seen you better. Maybe you've lost sixpence and found a ha'penny." She jerked a grimy thumb towards the cottage. "Been cleaning up a bit. And I'm baking tomorrow. Have to cut some whins. There's nowt to touch bread baked in a whin-oven."

"I don't suppose there is," said Janet listlessly. "Goodnight."

Up at Ireholme Sim Wilson sat in the untidy kitchen, eating a meal of bread and cheese as if unaware of what he was doing. Sullen resentment glimmered in his eyes.

He spoke aloud to the walls. "Don't be a fool. This comes of being soft. Forget her. Forget her, d'ye hear me?" he shouted angrily. Being alone had led him into the habit of talking aloud. Sometimes it helped. This time, it was no use at all. He went up to bed and hoped he would fall asleep. That was the way to escape from yourself. . . .

He awoke to the primrose and pearl of early morning and the return of those unwanted thoughts. The dale glistened with dew. Likely it would be eight o'clock before he could get cracking with the baler. Meanwhile he could turn some of those swathes with the side-delivery rake.

He went out, and started up the tractor, and got on with the job. A breeze, growing stronger, was ruffling up the dale. It would soon dry off this dew. A hundred tons of hay there to keep him busy. Let him fix that in his mind, and nothing else. A hundred tons of hay. That was more worth having than any lass who made a fool of a man. He twisted the steering wheel of the tractor savagely.

By eight he was at work with the baler. By half-past he was staring up at thick smoke swirling up from behind Throstle How. The hill was on fire, and the whins would be crackling and flaring. In this dry wind, the flames would be around Martha's cottage in an hour or less.

Cursing the interruption, he left the baler, ran across the fields, and jumped the drainage beck. He shouted her name, got no answer, ran on across the patch of flat, whin-infested land behind the cottage and up the slope of the How.

The sight he met at the top made him pause and draw a loud, quick breath.

On the slope beneath him the fire was right across the How, driven by the wind. Orange flames roared up among black smoke. Martha was there, beating feebly at the fringes with a switch, her hands and face a sweating black.

He wrenched a branch from a rowan, hurried down to join her. "What started it?" he bawled over the noise of the crackling.

The words came jerkily out of her parched throat. She had made her way round this side with a swap-hook. It grew the best whins for her oven. While she was cutting, the steel snicked against a rock, and a spark flew off into a crumble of dead bracken. The place was ablaze before she could. . . .

"You feckless old fool!" he roared. "Daft—that's what you are! We can't stop it. Your cottage will go in no time. It will serve you right."

He was beating the branch lustily at dry, smouldering grasses and flaring whins. They might as well have fought to quench a furnace with a cup of water. They were driven back and up by the fierce heat and the choking smoke.

He licked his dry lips. "Likely someone down dale will see this and 'phone for the fire brigade. But it would be an hour before they got here. You've lost your cottage."

Without any warning she slumped down on a boulder. Courage and hope and the dogged, gritty streak in her nature had crumbled away. She sat there, very, very old and hopeless. Tears were joining the sweat. They rolled down unchecked, and her crying was silent.

He grabbed her shoulder. "Here, come on! You don't want to be burnt alive."

Her answer was a whimpering mutter. "It's my home. It's all I have, all I care about. There's nowt left."

"Come on!" he said fiercely. "The flames'll be. . . ."

She got to her feet in a slow, uncaring way. Her spirit was broken and her body nearly exhausted. She stumbled on, wordless. As he looked at her, old, beaten, with nothing left to live for, even the very will to care draining out of her, something deep in his being was touched. He slid his arm around her shoulders with clumsy gentleness and steered her towards the cottage.

He said in a strange, quiet voice: "Stay here, Martha. There's summat I can do yet. It will save your cottage. Cheer up."

NEXT, he was heading for the Ireholme barn at top speed. He snatched up a heavy crowbar, ran across to the sandstone barricade in the river bank, jammed the end of it under one of the topmost blocks, and levered with all his strength. It grated and clinked and tilted sideways. He gave a desperate jerk, and it splashed into the Ire.

Three more minutes of levering dislodged the stone below and the stone below that. The water began to lap over. Gaining power, it increased to a gurgling surge. In one more minute a torrent eight feet wide had swept the gap clear and was sluicing fan-shaped across the field. The shimmer of it reached the gate at the end, and slid through to the next field.

After that, the flooding was swift. He watched it widen, filling the first field, sluicing on. It swept his swathes of hay into sodden, mulched heaps. It covered every field. There was no land to be seen, only shallow, flowing lakes and grey stone walls. It was lapping around the base of Throstle cottage, and on across the rough ground behind. It would form a backwash there against the skirt of the How, and return down the drainage channel to the Ire. Martha's cottage was safe. . . .

Sim sat on a small hummock above the water and stared at his drowned hay-fields. What he salvaged might fetch a quarter of what it had been worth. He had put every penny into the scheme, and ruined himself for a feckless old woman.

His head drooped. He made a tired, meaningless gesture, and turned his face away.

Figures were moving up the dale road, farmers and shepherds who had seen the fire from afar and come along to do what they could. They found old Martha ankle-deep outside her saved cottage, and learned the truth. Some of them, staring over the nearest wall, could make out Sim's bowed figure squatting motionless on that hummock. They dared not go across to him at a time when even the friendliest word would have seemed futile.

He remained like that, unmoving, until he heard a voice say: "I was wrong."

Janet was behind him, splashing through the water. He looked at her almost blankly. She came right up to him and said: "This isn't failure, my dear."

He spoke dully. "What d'you mean?"

"You've done something so great, I'm not fit to ask you. But will you please marry me?"

His mouth stirred, and began to tremble. Her eyes were changing his world into a glory that excluded everything else. For some incredible reason, that drowned hay scarcely mattered. He made a queer little sound and pressed his face on her shoulder.

THE END

"Come now, where's that infectious little smile?

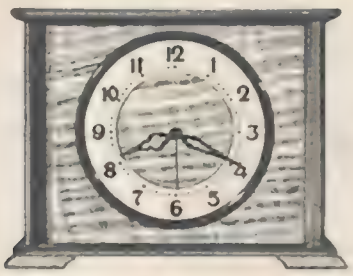
ARGUMENT—2

You have not converted a man because you have silenced him.

John Morley

Many moons ago, alarm clocks *looked* alarming, and sounded even more so. Not any more if it's Westclox. *Westclox* alarms rouse you politely but firmly . . . look nice all day . . . whisper you ever so softly to sleep. Westclox make clocks to star on your mantelpiece, too . . . and, for clocks you never wind, Westclox electrics are the obvious answer. All are neat, trim and trustworthy—all are *guaranteed*. Most people think Westclox are wonderful. See them at your nearby shop, and you'll see why. And the next step? Take a Westclox home!

SPUR



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If you want to know the time, ask a

WESTCLOX

STRATHLEVEN · DUMBARTON · SCOTLAND

Hill of fear

Continued from page 9

hour down a one-in-six hill, and with a full load aboard, required a certain amount of nerve, and reluctantly he felt a twinge of admiration.

And then Mike saw the red brake lights of the truck in front go on. "About time too," he said aloud. He flicked his cigarette out of the window and felt for his brake. And at that moment he realized that Callaghan, brakes or no brakes, was still drawing away.

Fifty . . . fifty-five. Abruptly the horn of the lorry ahead broke into a steady, raucous howl. It was something between a warning and a cry for help; something of both. Mike felt his hands on the wheel suddenly go cold. He knew now why Callaghan wasn't slowing. He couldn't.

For a split second Mike pictured what it must be like in the other cab—the big Irishman hanging grimly on to the wheel, the heavily loaded vehicle under him gaining momentum every second; Callaghan with his big right foot pushing the brake pedal through the floorboard—and a brake that didn't work.

"For God's sake," Mike said, "get her into low gear." He didn't know what had happened to the other's brakes; a broken hydraulic pipe—it could be anything. What stood out a mile was that the only thing that would slow the truck at all now was low gear, that was if Callaghan could get it in. . . .

From behind a cloud of wheel-spun mud, Mike peered and saw the Irishman try. He saw the back of the lorry jerk as the gear went in, and above the sound of his own tyres and the driving wind he heard the other's engine scream like a live thing as it took the strain. Then black oil splashed in the road and the lorry gathered speed once again as a gear stripped and smashed the bottom from the gearbox. It plunged on, with nothing at all left to stop it.

Mike found himself automatically keeping pace with the runaway, picturing in his mind the best thing to do. Not that there was much. A mile and a half ahead the road turned sharply to the right, with a three hundred foot drop for anyone who went through the low stone wall.

Which was exactly what Callaghan would do. . . .

MIKE looked down at the speedometer, watching the needle swinging idly at just under sixty miles an hour. And then, so instinctively as to be without any conscious impulse, he put the flat of his hand down on the horn button and kept it there.

There was something imperative about the blast of sound that echoed back from the mountain, something that said plainly that he wasn't calling for help. He was simply asking the helpless vehicle in front to get out of the way and let him pass.

Miraculously, Callaghan heard the blast of sound behind him and understood. To go off the road meant a quick drop of half a dozen feet on to the boulder-strewn marsh land, with the lorry turning over and smashing itself into a splintered, smoking wreck. But to keep on the road and still give the vehicle behind a chance to get in front was something that needed a near miracle.

Somehow the Irishman achieved the miracle. With his nearside wheels clipping the edge of the crumbling tarmac, he held the lorry to one side. From behind him Mike saw a barely adequate space open up. With the cold, empty feeling of fear at his stomach, he realized that it was all the room he would ever have. In a matter of moments, when the road narrowed, he would have even less. Trying not to think, he pushed his foot down hard on the accelerator and forced himself to catch up with the runaway.

It took him what seemed minutes to get alongside. With five tons of concrete castings in the back and the speedometer needle hovering round seventy miles an hour, the truck no longer rode over the potholes in the road. Instead it pounded across them in a series of chassis-breaking jumps that jerked the steering wheel savagely in Mike's hands. He heard something splintering behind the cab and guessed that all the projecting parts of the lorries were smashing themselves methodically to pieces against each other as the two vehicles careered downwards side by side. He found himself thinking in a detached way that it didn't really matter because any moment now they would both be off the road and that would be the end of it.

Curiously, the thought gave him no impulse to slow. He watched the bonnet of his lorry draw level with Callaghan's, giving him a quick glimpse of the man sitting white-faced and intent at the wheel, his expression set in a mask that was midway between concentration and terror.

Then the Irishman's lorry dropped back a foot. Two feet. . . .

Mike could see Sally's car ahead now. She was driving it desperately and well, but even so its top speed could not equal the sheer momentum of the heavily laden trucks pounding up behind. He watched Sally apparently drawing closer to him, as though her little car was being wound in on a string.

Was he clear of Callaghan's lorry yet? It would only take a moment to turn his head and look, but he knew that he daren't. It would be suicide to take his eyes for even a second off the winding, steadily falling road.

How much farther to the bend? Half a mile at the most.

He pulled over hard to the left, waiting for the impact that would tell him he had made his move too soon. There was none. He blinked the sweat out of his eyes as he edged his wheels on to the left-hand verge of the road. He knew exactly where Callaghan was now; directly behind him. Carefully, steadily, he pushed his foot down on the brake and began to slow.

Callaghan's lorry struck him from behind with a smashing hammer-blow that jolted him violently forward in his seat. Somehow he forced himself to keep his foot on the brake. Callaghan's lorry nosed into him again, then twice more as the brakeless vehicle tried to push him out of the way.

Then suddenly there were no more blows; only the steady, relentless pressure of something enormously powerful driving him on from behind as the other lorry wedged its front bumpers into the wreckage of his tailboard and stayed there.

Still Mike slowed. . . . He sensed the scalding heat of his own brake-drums as the linings smoked and charred. He risked a quick glance of the speedometer. The needle was swinging back. Sixty . . . fifty-five . . . fifty. At what speed dared he change down to let the engine take some of the strain? Perhaps at forty?

With a feeling of infinite thankfulness, he saw that Sally's little car was drawing away. At least she'd be safe now, even if the brakes finally burnt out before he could bring his lorry and Callaghan's to a stop.

Forty-five . . . forty. He changed down, listening to the engine scream sharply, feeling himself slow. Ahead of him the right-angle bend waited.

Thirty-five . . . thirty. He changed down again and grabbed at the hand brake. Unbelievably, almost without warning, the lorry stopped.

Mike stayed where he was. He sat looking through the windscreen, feeling suddenly very tired. Carefully he took out a handkerchief and wiped the sweat off his hands. Then he got out, coughing with the smoke that rose in blue clouds from his glowing brake-drums.

CALLAGHAN'S lorry was jammed immovably against the back of his own. Callaghan himself was leaning against a mudguard, his face grey.

Mike said: "Have a cigarette."

Callaghan took it without speaking. Mike lit it for him and added: "Let me know next time you want some help."

The Irishman looked at him.

"I said let me know next time you want some help."

Callaghan smiled. "I'll be doing that."

Mike nodded and turned back to his own lorry. He felt he could have picked it up with one hand.

He sat on the bumper and waited. He could hear the sound of Sally's car coming back and he sat there smoking quietly with his eyes on the road so that he would see her as soon as she came round the bend.

Without surprise, and as though it were something he had known for a long time, he found himself thinking that he was as good a man as his father any day. THE END

WHY?

ON the courtyard of the block of flats in which Jones lived there was an uneven patch in the asphalt surface. One afternoon, as his wife was crossing the courtyard on her way back to their flat, she tripped over the patch and fell, injuring her back.

Subsequently, she sued the owners of the flats for damages. She told the judge what had happened to her and claimed that the asphalt was in a dangerous state.

"She was not just a stranger walking across the courtyard," said her counsel." Her husband was the tenant of a flat in the building, so that she had a right to be there and deserved to be protected."

The landlords' counsel agreed with all this and also agreed that the asphalt was dangerous.

But Mrs. Jones still lost her case.

WHY? *A barrister explains the judge's ruling on page 30*

There's money in tiddlers

Continued from page 15

these things," Lane says. "He will have several different kinds of bait and dozens of hooks in various sizes. An average chap's tackle will cost at least fifty pounds."

For this year's All-England match, which will be held on Saturday, September 14, on the Bridgnorth-Stourport stretch of the Severn, Lane's team will take a gallon each of two different kinds of feeder bait—maggots, locally known as "mokes," plus their "secret weapon," specially prepared hookbait, the exact composition of which Lane is not prepared to divulge.

More than one hundred clubs make up the Coventry and District Angling Association (total membership five thousand), and although many of them fish at least one match a week, there is a current craze for "roamers." Friends club together, hire a coach—and roam, to a favoured piece of water. But even on a roamer, Coventry men find it hard to keep out the competitive spirit.

"The lads usually chip in among themselves to make up a prize list, with so much for the best specific fish," says Lane. "You can reckon to spend about thirty shillings on a roamer, including your coach fare, bait, prize money pool and refreshment."

Refreshment is an indispensable item. On one roamer, on the River Trent, Lane found himself pegged next to a man who fished with demoniac energy and skill. Worried for his own reputation (and prize money), Lane tried to match him, without success. "The fish were fairly flying out of the river for him."

At the break for lunch—customarily a liquid affair—Lane noticed that his neighbour refreshed himself copiously. "When we got back to the bank—quite a high bank the Trent has, with a little ledge at the bottom—his sight seemed a bit bleary. I don't think it can have been functioning properly. He took the short way down and went in head first. He wasn't quite himself for the rest of the match," Lane says, adding innocently, "which I won—by a handsome margin."

On another occasion, when a member of a roamer had fished all day without a single bite, his friends put their heads together. When the man awoke next morning he found his wife standing angrily over him with his fishing bag.

Inside it was a 30-lb. stuffed pike which he had last seen in a showcase on a public-house wall.

"She wouldn't believe he'd been fishing at all," Lane says, "except in a river of beer, and the poor chap couldn't get out again for a couple of months."

Holiday periods are apt to lead to domestic friction in angling circles. "A lot of fellows would sooner go off fishing," Lane says, "but wives need a holiday, after all. A frequent statement you can hear round about August is, 'You can take me or your fishing tackle, but not both of us.'"

Some clubs, in an uneasy attempt to secure wifely interest, run annual ladies' matches, but few achieve their object. "The snag is that male anglers are terrible back-seat drivers," Lane says. "They sit behind their wives directing operations, and often it does more harm than good. My own club, New Star, decided some time ago to ban women and juveniles."

Although, to preserve the fish population, match anglers return their catches to the water, increasing industrial pollution is ruining many fisheries, and matchmen are constantly on the alert to find new ones. When, one recent year, northerners were horrified by a savage murder in a remote part of Huntingdonshire, Lane was struck particularly by a single sentence in a news report which said that the dead man had been found lying near a lonely pike-filled dyke.

"Next Sunday we were out early," Lane says, "but not early enough. Six coaches were there before us and the dyke was no longer lonely. But the reporter was right about the pike. One chap took forty-two pounds."

The most popular competitive event is the Birmingham Anglers Association's annual match on the Severn. With its 33,000 affiliated members, the Birmingham association is one of the largest in the country and the turnout is so enormous—there were 8,000 entries one year—that the river bank is "pegged" from Bridgnorth to below Tewkesbury. Hundreds of prizes are awarded and there is much bookmaker activity.

BECAUSE the Severn is Birmingham's home water, Lane is cautious about Coventry's chances in this year's All-England match. "A lot depends on the draw, and if we're lucky we'll get as far upstream as possible. The Severn is a tricky river with deep holes and shallow patches—the contours change almost every hundred yards. But although Birmingham are more familiar with it than we are, there's a bit of money on us already, so we're hoping for the best."

Although some members of the team have already placed their bets, they will be seeking a particular bookmaker on the actual day. At last year's match, when Coventry was favourite, the odds on the team shortened from fourteen to one to four to one, and the bookmakers were limiting stakes to fifty shillings. An hour before the match began there was so much money on Coventry that betting closed.

"Some people hadn't had time to get their money on and nearly went mad with temper," Lane recalls. "And then one fellow found a southerner, a bookmaker from near London, who was giving fifty to one on Coventry. We thought the bookie was off his head and got in as quickly as we could."

The bookmaker, unfortunately, was even quicker. While the match was in progress, he decamped with several hundred pounds in stake money—the biggest fish that ever got away from the anglers of Coventry. He is much in their minds at this time of the year. If the fishing allows, on the Severn this Saturday, Billy Lane and his team will be keeping an eye open for him.

THE END

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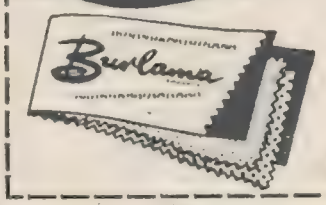

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PRACTICAL RESULTS

Student 171/102.—I have sold my story to **EVERYWOMAN** for 25 guineas. *Student* 1106/156.—The **B.B.C.** accepted the script for the Light Programme—fee 9 guineas—after my first lesson! *Student* 141/76.—The article which I wrote for the Second Test Paper appeared in the **SUNDAY MAIL**. Thanks for the recommendation. *Student* 2317/185.—I am pleased to say that my article for Lesson Two has been accepted by the magazine **TRAVEL**. *Student* 2003/1610.—The Course has already borne fruit, for I have sold an article to **PSYCHOLOGY** for 2 guineas. *Student* 1834/152.—. . . together with cheque, which I obtained from the **CHRISTIAN HERALD** for the article which I originally wrote for the Second Test Paper. *Student* 761/2812.—I have just sold my first story to **FAMILY STAR** for 4 guineas, and am I thrilled! *Student* 473/28.—I have had my first short story accepted by the Editor of **HOME REVIEW**. *Student* 1437/217.—. . . on your advice I sent my article with a covering letter to the **LIVERPOOL ECHO** and barely three weeks had elapsed before I had the pleasure of seeing it in print. *Student* 1328/2110.—**GLAMOUR** have paid me 7 guineas for a short story and the **B.B.C.** has accepted a fairy story, to be adapted for the Children's Hour. *Student* 964/227.—I also have to report the sale of a further fairy story to the Co-operative Press, for inclusion in their **SUNSHINE ANNUAL**, payment 2 guineas. *Student* 1518/69.—**MODERN WOMAN** have paid 5 guineas on acceptance of my article. *Student* 181/282.—You may be interested to hear that yesterday I had a letter from the Editor of the **ARGOSY**—they have offered me 25 guineas for my story. *Student* 3577/3015.—I have had my story accepted by **BLACKWOODS**, who are paying me £25 for it; also one or two others, at smaller rates of course, for service magazines. *Student* 120/28/8.—I have established contact with the Editor of **PUNCH**. The item was accepted for Charivaria and is a good start. *Student* 501/28/7.—I am sure you will be pleased to know that my article submitted for my Second Lesson was published in the **DAILY MIRROR** and I received 6 guineas for same. *Student* 848/129.—I hope you will be as pleased as I am that my article, submitted for Test Paper Two, has been sold, on your advice, to **MEN ONLY**. *Student* 1964/187.—I have just corrected a proof of my story for **WIDE WORLD**—they have since accepted another and I have sent in a third. *Student* 778/2119.—I thought it might interest you to know that **THE COUNTRYMAN** has accepted a short article of mine on an old country custom. *Student* 820/1310.—I had 7 guineas for my story, which appeared in **WOMAN'S COMPANION**; I also had an article published recently in **FARMER AND STOCK BREEDER**. *Student* 4135/7150.—I have sold an article to the **COVENTRY EVENING TELEGRAPH**—they are sending me a cheque for 5 guineas. *Student* 184/315.—As you suggested, I submitted the article to the **NEW STATESMAN**. One was published on July 17. *Student* 1404/6/5/49.—I am pleased to tell you that the article which I wrote for Test Paper Two and submitted on your recommendation, to **CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER**, was accepted. *Student* 908/226.—The magazine which accepted my story was **RED STAR WEEKLY**—they paid me 4 guineas. *Student* 1173/56.—The article has been accepted by **LONDON OPINION**, having earned 4 guineas. *Student* 1813/173.—My story was published in the June issue of **ARGOSY** and I have just had a letter from the Editor offering me 8 guineas for a second one. *Student* 187/43.—I have sold my first short story prepared for Lesson Eight, to **HOME NOTES** for 12 guineas. *Student* 1905/1397.—I have had an article, about 2,000 words, published by the **WEST SUSSEX GAZETTE**.

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The mask

Continued from page 13

mind detached from the present he thought, *If I had only brought my bushman boy, or some of the dogs.* That he, the great hunter, the lover of the bush, should be caught like this! He knew what he would look like if he lived. He had seen others who had been bitten by wolves in the face.

Then he fainted.

The wolf still feared the man, but realized that he was in no condition to defend his horse. It sprang at the near hind leg of the knee-haltered mare, which, with its head tied to its leg below the knee, could not even defend itself with its heels, much less run away. With one crunch the leg was smashed below the hock, then the mare went down and the wolf was at its throat. Its chattering excitement was soon answered by others of its kind, who arrived to share the feast. . . .

Schalk knew what had happened. He had come to now. He knew Papaje was dead, that he was badly wounded, weak, and twenty miles from home. The eastern sky was paling with the coming dawn. He thanked God that his eyes had been spared, but the pain was almost unendurable.

He went down to the water to wash his hands and drink. It was here he got his first glimpse of his countenance, of the flat sort of red plate out of which his blue eyes stared, and which ended in a grey beard tufted with hard black blood. Kneeling by the water, he prayed to God for strength to get home, for courage to bear the life he must now lead, and to thank God that things were not worse, that he still lived, that he had been made so strong, so powerful.

Twenty miles was an easy walk in a day for a strong man, but he would not make it in a day. He walked for two hours and then stopped to drink water. . . . He was going to faint again.

By nightfall he had done five miles. . . .

Klienbooi, one of Schalk's herdsmen, was driving the cattle to water when he saw the vultures circling. Below them something was dead or dying; a cow, an ox, a horse or a sheep. Klienbooi hurried. What luck that he had seen them, because this was an isolated part of the farm. This meant meat. A man could never have meat enough, except perhaps in heaven. . . .

When Schalk came to, he was lying face down on the ground. He saw the vultures gathering. He saw their reptilian heads come close. He saw their black-pupilled orange eyes. And then suddenly they grew flustered, ran clumsily to get the air beneath their wings, and sailed up into the sky.

What was coming now? The wolves again? He knew that, having finished eating the mare, they were following him. He reached for the knife on his belt. He was not going to be eaten like a sheep.

But it was a man. It was Klienbooi. He was shouting and waving his arms.

"*Baas!*" he said, "Master, is it you?"

"It was a wolf," Schalk said. Then he fainted again.

Klienbooi gave him water from his bottle, then got him on to his back. The herdsman's hut was not too far away. Having got Schalk safely to the pile of skins that was his bed, Klienbooi went for help. He found another herder and, making a rough stretcher out of two bamboo poles and a *koodoo* skin, they put their master upon it and carried him back.

At the farm, Sybella's eye was caught by a movement on the veld. Something unusual was taking place. She watched, and soon she saw two men approaching, carrying a kind of rough stretcher that sagged and swayed as they staggered under its weight.

She called her mother. Jacoba saw the men, but remained calm, unmoving. They would soon know. There was no point in going towards them since they were coming here. And whatever it was it must be dealt with here—at the homestead.

The men reached the homestead. As they put the stretcher down, Sybella screamed, putting her hands up to her mouth and then covering her eyes, to hide for ever the awful thing that she had seen. Her mother, hardly turning, slapped her sharply. "Go inside," she said, "go to your room."

Sybella ran away. As she ran, she heard it speak. It said: "Thank God, Jacoba, thank God!"

Jacoba said, "Bring him into the *voorhuis*—the big hall."

They carried him in.

"You can go now," she said to the herdboys. She went out to call her sons. The boys, who were near by, came quickly. Gert lumbered in, followed by Kaspar, Frikkie and Jan. They halted and shrank back when they saw the stretcher.

Jacoba knew already what she was going to do. She said: "Come. We'll put your father on the *kartel* in the wagon." The *kartel* was a bed, a mattress on a frame of rawhide riems.

"What? Shall we not put him in his room?" Gert said.

"His room?" Jacoba said, "when he stinks like that?"

They picked him up and laid him on the bed in the wagon.

"Now tie his hands," Jacoba said. "Tie them by the wrists to the wagon rails."

"Tie them, Ma?" Gert said.

"*Ja*," she said.

The boys tied their father's hands. They thought she was going to perform some surgery on the man.

"Now go into the house," their mother said, "to my room, and bring down my big feather mattress."

While the boys left her, Jacoba got into the wagon beside her husband. He recognized her. "Jacoba," he said.

She said nothing, only looked out through the arch of the canvas on to the farm buildings, the place she loved so much that it was her life.

The boys came back with the mattress.

"You are going to cover him, Ma?" Gert said. He thought a blanket would be enough because it was hot and even at night a single blanket was plenty. But there was no doubt that his mother knew best.

"*Ja*, Gert," she said. "I am going to cover him." She pulled up the mattress, which was two feet thick. "Now go and call that fat wife of yours."

Gert went, and returned with Susannah.

"Come," Jacoba said, "come all of you. You boys and Susannah. Push her up, Gert."

Jacoba put out her hand and dragged in her daughter-in-law. When they were all on the wagon in front of the *kartel*, she leaned forward and pulled the mattress over her husband's head. "Now," she said.

Gert said: "Ma! Ma, you are going to suffocate him. Are you trying to make him dead?"

"Sit, you big fool," she said. "Sit, all of you, on his head and shoulders, his chest."

The men were stolid. They sat as they had been told to sit, too astonished to disobey, listening to their mother saying: "What else, you fools? *Magtig*, is that thing we have below us a man? *Nee*, a man like that is better dead. If I was like that, it is what I should wish. . . ."

Schalk had felt very little. He was detached from his body, watching, as it were, its adventures from afar.

He saw Jacoba, his wife. He wondered why she did not have them take him in. Why did they not give him water and brandy? Surely that was what they would give a wounded man?

The great soft mass of the feather mattress was being pulled over him. The pain of it on his face! He gave a smothered scream as someone sat on him.

The weight of those people, of his wife, of his sons—bone of his bone, blood of his blood. . . .

Better this way. End him. Finish

ARGUMENT—3

With women the heart argues, not the mind.

Matthew Arnold

him. How can he live like that? Jacoba's words came faintly to him in his agony.

He dragged at the bonds that held him. His left hand came loose. Somehow he moved and found a place where he could breathe. Then he lay still. They must not know.

Jacoba said: "It is finished."

Gert said: "And now, Ma?"

She said: "Leave him. In the morning we will bury him. No one will know that he did not die of his hurts."

Schalk felt the wagon creak as they got down.

Dead, he thought, *to them I am dead.* It was strange to be alive when others thought him dead. *Now I must plan,* he thought. Of all the plans he had ever made in his life, this must be the best.

At that moment he felt the mattress move. Had they come back to see if he was really dead—to finish him off if he was not? But if it had been that, he would have heard them coming.

Then he felt a hand. A voice said: "*Baas, baas.*" It was Bosman. The bushman whose life he had saved so many years ago. . . .

Ever since his master had left to hunt without him, the old bushman had been uneasy. Bosman did not think the way a white man thinks. He felt things. His instincts warned him of trouble, of danger.

He had a little hut some distance from the farmhouse. He lived alone there, hunting jackals, *rooikats* and other vermin, killing an occasional buck to eat and waiting till his master sent for him to go hunting or spoor lost cattle. Bosman was tame, but he was not domesticated.

In his uneasiness he had been prowling about when he saw the herdboys carrying his master in. He did not follow them because Tanta Jacoba hated him. He hid and watched. Then he came closer, stalking the wagon as if it was a buck, from cover to cover.

He was quite close, hidden behind a buttress of the barn, when they put his master in the wagon. He had seen what they were doing but had waited till dark to see if it was done.

He knew then that his master was alive. He crept on to the wagon bed, moving only an inch at a time. He eased himself between the two mattresses till he lay beside his master and felt for his hands. He found the hand that was still tied and cut it free. Then he began to drag his master out of the wagon. He was small but immensely powerful.

"*Baas,*" he whispered, "*baas. . . .*"

Schalk said, "*Ja?*"

Bosman said, "*Baas,* you must walk. I will help you, but you must walk. Can you do it?"

"I can do it," Schalk said.

A shadow appeared, moving swiftly from the house. It was Sybella, in her nightdress, with a man's coat over it.

When her mother had told her to go, Sybella had gone, but not to her room. The house could not have held her after what she had seen. She ran through the house and out by the back door. She was stunned by the terrible thing that had happened to her father, whom she loved, and astonished at her mother's lack of emotion, at her calmness.

She slowed up at last, her breasts rising and falling as she panted. She stopped and turned. She must go back. There must be something she could do.

She returned, coming slowly round the side of the house, and stood screened by a vine whose grape clusters hung from the crosspiece of an arbour that had fallen into disrepair. Here, hidden from her mother and brothers, she watched them commit murder, powerless to stop it and afraid.

She stood there shivering and trembling, until at last she found her way on tip-toe to her room.

She slept. When she woke, the young moon was shining like a strip of orange peel in the sky. Now she must see. *Now I must go to him,* she thought. She was so drained of emotion that she felt little when she found Bosman there and her father alive.

"We must get him away, Bosman," she said. "I'll help you."

The bushman took one arm and she the other. They put the old man's arms around their necks and moved off into the shadows of the outbuildings.

Bosman changed direction. Sybella said: "The hut isn't this way."

"No," he said. "We are going somewhere else. Somewhere where they will not find the master."

They went over rougher ground where there was no track—not even a cattle track—to a small limestone kop. Here Bosman led them through a tiny passage between a many-branched mimosa growing against the stone outcrop of the hill itself. In the passage he turned quickly and Sybella found that they were in a small cave. Bosman struck a flint against his steel and kindled a fire. Her father rested his back against the wall, sitting up, his eyes blazing in the rawness of his face.

The cave was filled with paintings of wild animals. Bosman had found one of his own people's ancient homes. She watched the bushman dig with his hands in a corner and come up with a bottle that she recognized as brandy. *So he has been stealing brandy,* she thought. But what did it matter? She watched Bosman giving drink to his master, forcing it on him till, after having taken half the bottle, he was lying in a drunken stupor.

Bosman put an iron pot on the fire. Soon it was boiling and Sybella saw the bushman drop bits of broken water-tortoise shell into it.

"It will melt," he said, "and become thick. When it is cold I will smear it over his face with an ostrich feather. Underneath, new flesh and skin will grow and then it will come off like the skin of a snake when it changes."

"What about food?" Sybella asked. "Shall I not bring food?"

"No," he said, "I will hunt for him. I will feed my master."

She went out into the paling night. Alone, she could go fast. The cave was only two miles from the house. She began to run. . . .

Breakfast on the farm next day was a silent meal. Sybella hardly raised her eyes from her plate and ate standing near the door that led into the kitchen. Her brothers said nothing.

Their mother's face was very white, her enormous dark eyes purple-ringed, her lips indrawn, almost colourless.

When they had done eating they

Summer Sonnet

by OLIVE NORTON

Squander your rations, summer:
neat leg-breaks;
Moon-theatrical hayfields; dark
newborn
Damp heifer calves; and
shapeless village cakes
Wasp-raided on a satinstriped
old lawn.

Freemasonry of fishers; cool,
strange beds;
Scrubbed wood; the forgotten
smell of the sea;
And lifeboat practices, and wet,
known heads;
Slow driftwood fires, and singing
home to tea.

The children's straw-sucked
bottles, yellow-green;
Hot peonies; unpronounceable
cheese;
Waking to clockless mornings,
stretched and clean;
Waking aware of sunlight, and all
these.

Richness spills over into autumn
when
Such summers end so that they
live again.

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knelt down to pray and the maid-servants came in and knelt down too, and Jacoba prayed and read from the Bible in a hard, dry voice. Sybella thought how strange it was that this woman should be her mother and a murderess and that she should read from the word of God with such authority.

Soon, she thought, she must talk to Jan, with whom, because he was the youngest boy, she had much in common. The boys had gone out early, and found the body gone. She wondered what they and her mother were thinking now.

After breakfast she went about her various duties and only much later did she get her young brother alone. She put her hand on his shoulder.

"Jan," she said, "when the time comes and we can get away, will you come with me?"

"*Ja*, Sybella," he said. "This place has become terrible to me."

She patted his head. "That's settled then." She wanted to tell him that their father was still alive, but felt it better to say nothing.

Jacoba was worried about her husband's disappearance. She knew he was not dead. Nevertheless she fixed her mind on his being dead. Perhaps he was dying somewhere on the veld—and that might take some explaining, when eventually someone heard of it.

What a shame it was! The other would have been so easy. She would have said, "Yes, we tied him to operate on him and he died." Everyone would have understood and sympathized with their great loss.

But there were compensations. Dead or not dead, he was away and she had the farm, and those of her sons. She

ARGUMENT—4

The man who sees both sides of a question is a man who sees absolutely nothing at all.

Oscar Wilde

could see how to do it. Their resources must be pooled, the cattle moved from farm to farm as the weather and grazing conditions changed. It must all be one, almost a small country, with her home its centre, and herself the axle on which the wheel revolved.

Once Sybella was married to Botha, the block would be complete, solid—almost square. . . .

The days passed into weeks. Nothing was said. Life continued in a regular but muted routine. Things were done which never had been done before. Old working animals that had been pensioned off were slaughtered. An old grey hunting pony on which some of the children had learned to ride was shot. Some servants were even turned off the place as useless, though they and their fathers before them had been born here.

Six months passed. In this time the farms prospered under Tanta Jacoba's hand. The stock increased and was fat. The veld was better owing to the rotational grazing she practised. A little world was forming like dough under the pressure of her able hands. One day she would bake the loaf of her desire.

Sybella saw her father half a dozen times, meeting him secretly by night. Jan saw him once. She had broken the news to him, swearing him to secrecy. He kept the secret well enough, but the change in his appearance, his new-found happiness, might easily have given him away had his mother been less interested in the affairs of the farm and spent more time with her youngest son.

Schalk was strong again, amazingly strong, fitter perhaps than he had been for many years on the diet of fresh half-cooked meat, insects and wild herbs which Bosman fed him. Now he knew what he could face, what he could do. He knew he could live like a bushman without any of the things that even the hardiest white men craved.

Bosman had gone to the place where he was attacked and found his gun. Sybella brought him powder and ball. The adventure which had been in his heart for so much of his life was now possible. He would go north and hunt elephant.

At last Schalk felt that the day had come. He told Bosman to call Sybella. When she came to him by a group of big thorn trees that was their meeting-place, he said: "My plans are made. Tomorrow we come back to the house.

"I'm taking my wagon and oxen, some horses and dogs, some of my people and five hundred pounds in gold, and I am going north—where there will be room for such as us."

"Like young Simon," Sybella said.

"*Ja*, my child, like him. The Lord has answered my prayers. *Ja*, I prayed to go north, but as a man, not a disfigured creature. But I have a plan even for that as you will see."

He paused and then said: "So tomorrow bring me the horses. Bring General, my black stallion, and the blue roan for Bosman. Bring them saddled and bridled with head collars on, and riems, as if for war."

Next day in the first morning light Sybella slipped out of the house and had the two horses saddled, together with her own iron-grey mare, and a bay three-year-old that her brother had broken to the saddle.

In a few minutes they reached the trees. Their father and his servant were waiting, but they looked different.

Her father had on his wide felt hat with an ostrich plume on it at an angle. But the most strange thing was the leather mask that covered his face. It was a mask Schalk had fashioned for himself out of the hide of a buck, and it reached from forehead to below his chin.

Bosman had discarded his clothes—the old rags he usually wore—and was naked but for a small hide loincloth. Over his shoulder he wore a quiver of arrows. In his hand he held a bushman bow.

Sybella and her brother handed over the horses and without a word they mounted. Then Schalk, on his black horse, his gun butt on knee, led the way, sitting proudly in the saddle. On his left the bushman rode, a little behind him. Behind them came Sybella and her brother. . . .

Jacoba had been looking for her daughter and youngest son. Where had they got to? They had not come in for breakfast. They had not been there to kneel at the prayers that had followed it. She was angry.

It was then she heard a shot and, going to the *stoep* in front of the house, saw a group of horsemen galloping towards the house. She recognized the horses. Then she saw the bushman and the missing children.

But the leader, the man on her husband's horse? She knew very well who it was. No one else could ride that horse. No one else rode as he did, as wildly, sitting as if he were part horse, as if he had been foaled with his mount, seated upon its back.

As he approached, she saw his bright blue eyes burning through the holes in that terrible mask that covered his disfigurement. Drawing herself up, she waited for what was to come.

A strange silence now fell on everyone; not merely on the group around the front of the house—the mounted

WHY?

See page 26

BECAUSE, said the judge, Mrs. Jones was only the wife of the tenant—not the tenant himself. The landlords would have been liable if the accident had happened to Mr. Jones, since they owed tenants a duty of exercising reasonable care to ensure that the premises were reasonably safe. But the amount of protection that they had to afford to tenants' wives and families is limited to ensuring that there were no hidden dangers.

The uneven patch of asphalt was not hidden. It was clear for all to see.

(This ruling is based on actual cases)

LEAVES FROM Starke's HOLIDAY GUIDE BOOK

"The traveller is advised to keep a careful eye on his diet abroad, where the digestion is liable to be more overtaxed than at home"

people and the woman—but on the servants, the workers about the yard and kraals. All became still. Even the horses stood still now, only their nostrils wide and their barrels heaving after the gallop.

Then the silence was broken, shattered like a cup dropped upon a flagged stone floor. Schalk said: "I have returned from the dead, succoured by my servant. I, whom you tried to kill; your husband, the father of your children; the man who has lain at your side for more than thirty years."

Jacoba recoiled before him. "I did it for the best," she said. "I thought the pain would send you mad, that you would not survive."

"You thought that you could now get command of the farm, that my death could be explained, that your children feared you too much to protect me, but it did not turn out like that. Your youngest children are mine. They are coming with me."

"Going with you?" Jacoba said. "That they are not! And where are you going?"

"To the north, where men, even faceless men, are welcome," her husband said.

Sybella said: "Mevrou Fourie," for now that she was free she would not call this woman mother, "we go with Pa to the north."

"You follow that idiot boy with his box of paints?" Jacoba saw her neat plan of the property rounded off by Botha's place fading, slipping out of her reach. "You will stay," she said. "The north is no place for a young girl."

"And is the homestead a good place," her husband asked, "with its memories?"

He dismounted, throwing his leg over the black horse's neck and sliding down like a boy. He went towards Jacoba.

"You will prepare everything I need," he said. "Food, clothing. In two days we shall leave with my wagon for the north. And there is nothing you can do. Too many people know of what happened.

"You can run the place till I return. If I return. So you will be caught on the cleft stick of your own avarice and hatred. What you make may be for me. At any time I may come back, but you will not be able to sit still. That terrible nature of yours will drive you on.

"*Ja*, Jacoba, woman who was once my life, my heart, the very centre of my being, I am sorry for you. For truly the devil has taken possession of your soul."

Two days later the wagon was loaded, the oxen inspanned. The long giraffe-hide whip clapped like rifle shots over the sleek red skins of the oxen. The great yellow wheels began to roll and Schalk Fourie, with his two children, his bushman and other servants, his riding and spare horses, spare oxen and dogs, trekked for the north. For the frontier of Africa. . . .

SIMON VAN DER BERG looked at a number of wagons before he bought one, though Kingwilliamstown was the heart of the wagon-making industry and said to be incapable of turning out a bad one. A wagon was for life, for more than your life. You passed it on to your sons, for in these great homes on wheels a man could live his whole life, moving it as he willed, hunting game and grazing his beasts in the circle of which it was the centre.

The wagon Simon finally bought was big, eighteen feet long and five feet wide. It was heavy and immensely strong, being built of selected and seasoned assagai wood, wild pear, blackwood, stink- and ironwood, with a bed of yellow wood planks. All these woods, except for the bed, were iron hard.

Having got his wagon, he bought a matched span of black oxen. They were in their prime, all rising six years old and still had their full strength and weight to come. Moreover, they had not been ill used and were very tame. He bought mealies for them and fed them himself on the outspan, calling them by name as he fed them, so that before long they came like dogs to his call.

He left the inn where he had been staying and slept in the clean comfort of his wagon. He hired two more Cape boys—a driver named Philip and a boy, Jappie, to lead the oxen, and then began to inquire about which were the best trade goods to buy. The answer was guns and ammunition—powder, lead; some medical supplies such as turpentine and epsom salts; condiments—pepper, curry powder and the like; and Kaffir truck—axe heads, knives, blankets, beads, black three-legged iron cook-pots and small mirrors.

In all it took two months to complete his affairs, load up his goods and get started. Turning away from the coastal belt towards the north-west, heading his lead oxen into what was then the dark interior eight hundred miles away.

He travelled by easy stages through Somerset East and Colesberg to Potchefstroom without adventures. He slept on the road or at farms. He painted pictures here and there while he rested his oxen. There was no sense of urgency in him. The wheels of his new wagon rolled fast enough.

When he came to the high veld, it was winter, swept by icy winds blowing from the south. The water pans were frozen with thin ice, and the dawns were silver with hoar frost. Every leaf on every tree, every blade of grass, dipped in individual silver, glistened like glass.

Day followed day as dream follows dream until at last he began to drop from the high country into the middle veld, as the Boers called it, the land intermediate between the bitter highlands and the pestilential bush of the low country.

Here the soil was no longer grey but red, chocolate-coloured or black. There were great trees, more bush—in places so thick as to be impenetrable—and in the far distance new mountains were flung against the horizons of the north. This was the Waterberg that he must cross. His road led still farther, to the next range that lay hidden beyond them—the Zoutpansberg or saltpan mountains that were his goal.

Simon was beginning to understand

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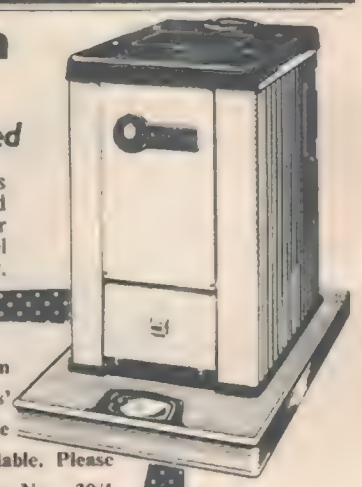

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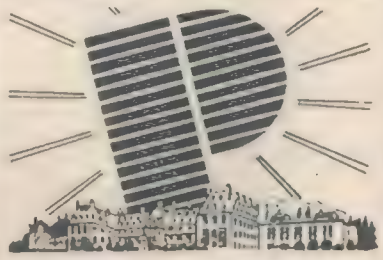

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Africa now: its immensity; its silence; the ranges of mountains that lay across its plains, each an invitation, a seduction to adventure, each demanding that its mystery be penetrated so that further, deeper, more secret mysteries should become apparent.

He reached the Waterberg, a range of no great height but rugged and rough. There were swift streams in the valleys and the road, which was cluttered with rocks, had to be negotiated with care. There were steep descents, and upgrades that strained the oxen, but all of it had a wild beauty that Simon had not seen before.

Having crossed the *berg*, he found a few scattered farmers and hunters living either in their wagons or in *hartebeest* houses as they were called, made of sods laid on poles, really no more than huts. But the cattle here were fat and game abounded. Several times he heard lions but had no trouble from them.

Once he reached the northern flats his wagon made good speed, and the journey into the north proceeded without incident till he came to the Nyl River drift, where he found a wagon outspanned and met its owner, Herman Potgieter, the great elephant hunter who had traded his ivory for cattle which he was taking north to run with those of a native chief named Mapela.

POTGIETER was a big, hard-bitten man with piercing black eyes, a black beard and moustache. He appeared to be about thirty years of age and in his prime. His home, he said, was at Schoemansdal, but he was seldom there since he hunted over a wide area, even going north-west into the country of the Matabele, with whom he had a kind of personal treaty.

When he left, Simon was sorry, but he accepted his invitation to hunt with him later on and thought it would be wonderful to see the country under the guidance of a man who possibly knew more about it than any other man alive. For this was Potgieter's reputation. Simon had heard it even at the Cape.

He went on, and now he began to see smoke, and scattered houses that were real dwellings, not just shacks of sods and poles. He met mounted men going about their business with their guns in their hands, for even here a man and his weapons were seldom separated.

Schoemansdal was five miles away, a beautiful little town, bigger at that time than either Bloemfontein or Potchefstroom. It was laid out in rectangular blocks with streets whose gutters ran with water led down in a great furrow from the mountains. The gardens of fruit trees—peach, guava, quince, apple, pear, fig and banana—were all hedged, and no cattle or pigs were allowed in the streets. Several hundred souls, men, women and children, lived here.

Simon found the people uneasy, for there was talk of Kaffir trouble, and Schoemansdal was the last outpost of the white man, the point that had been driven like a spear into the black belly of the north by the white men, and they were resented.

It was true. The great chiefs Makapan and Mapela were tired of the white man's intrusion. Their young men cried for war. Their spears were thirsty and needed to be washed in blood. But so far, in Schoemansdal, there was only talk of this, and men went about their everyday affairs.

Ivory, rhinoceros horn, hippopotamus teeth, buffalo horns and ostrich feathers to the extent of thousands of pounds in value each year, were the backbone of Schoemansdal's commerce. Hunting was the main occupation of the men and so Simon had no difficulty in disposing of his powder and lead. When he had done so, he decided to return to Pietermaritzburg for more of the same type of goods, after resting his oxen for a month and buying some spare cattle to replace any that broke down.

On his return he would join Herman Potgieter and hunt elephant with him, for this was now his ambition. But first he felt he must prove himself still further by undertaking these new trading journeys, by which he would not only gain experience but perfect his shooting both from the ground and saddle. . . .

Schalk and his party reached Schoemansdal about three months after Simon van der Berg left. Sybella had heard of him along the road, having made inquiries here and there. Many had seen the young man from the Cape with his red roan stallion and his dogs. Several showed her pictures he had painted of them and her heart was high when they came to Schoemansdal, for surely he would be there. When she found he had gone but would be back, her Boer patience took command of her fluttering heart. Yes, she could wait. Wait as well as any other.

Schalk Fourie created something of a sensation. Who was this masked man who arrived with a mounted bushman at his side? He was given land, and hired two men to build him a small house. While it was going up he lived in his wagon with his son and daughter, with his people camped beside him—a small tribe of Cape coloured folk, men, women and children, all of whom seemed to regard him as a father.

Sybella, beautiful and exotic to these ruder northern people, was another mystery which many young hunters tried to solve.

The range at which Schalk killed game and the accuracy of his shooting were the talk of the hunters at many a fire. There were plenty of elephants in the foothills of the Zoutpansberg and in the forests of the mountains but they were somewhat wild from being hunted, and here Schalk's skill in shooting stood him in good stead, for he could shoot them when they imagined themselves safely out of range.

On Sundays Schalk rode with his family to church in the *dorp*, if he was not away hunting. During the week Sybella smoked and salted the game her father brought back, gave her brother lessons in reading, writing and arithmetic, and dreamed of the man she loved while she waited for his return from the south.

In six months the family of the masked man had been accepted into

ARGUMENT—5

The only way to get the best of an argument is to avoid it.

Dale Carnegie

the community; the talk reaching flood tide in the first weeks had now died down as other events, such as talk of more trouble among the Kaffirs, mounted. For this little town, this northern outpost of the white southern civilization, was surrounded by natives who, if they turned hostile, might overwhelm it before help came. . . .

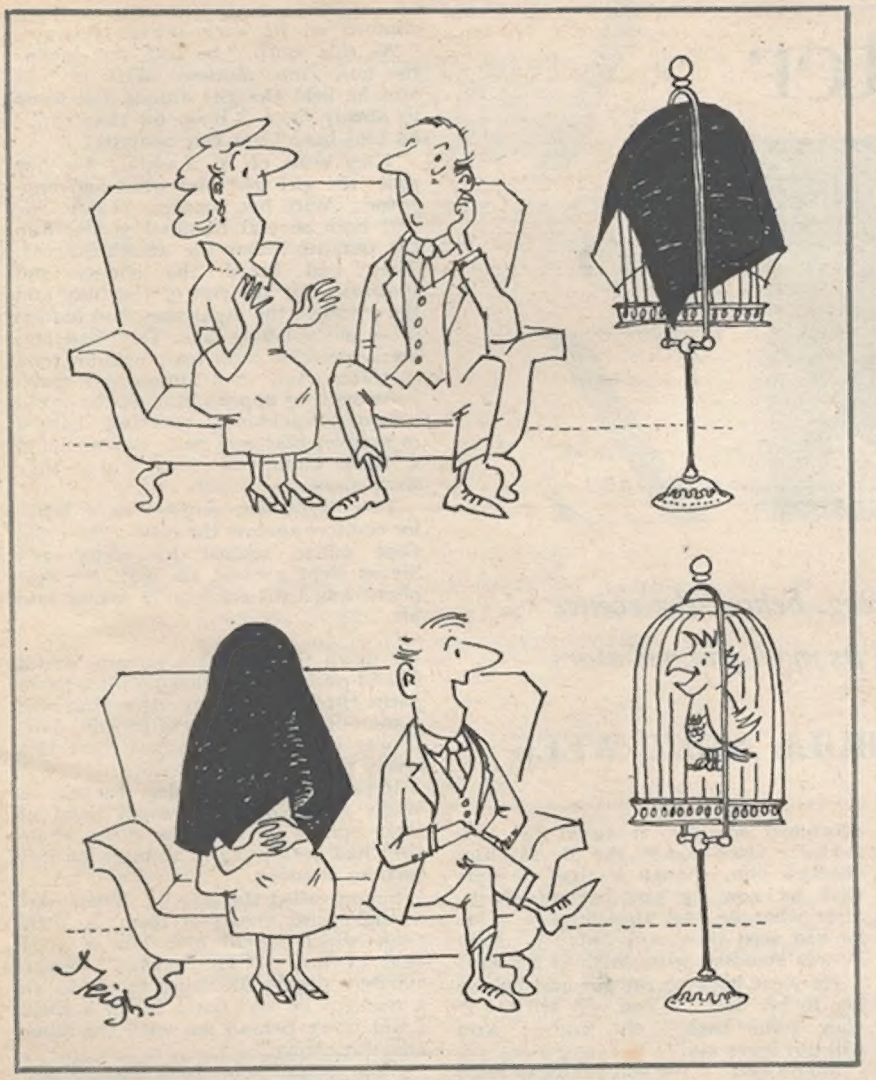
Not far from the town momentous things were taking place. The Kaffir chiefs Mapela and Makapan were meeting. The great kraal was disturbed. Young warriors dressed in the plumes and panoply of war, with assagais and kerries in their hands, marched through the village like gamecocks waiting for the word they knew would come soon.

Soon their spears would drink blood and eat flesh. Soon the white men, the disturbers of their peace, would be gone—driven like chaff before the wind of their onrush. The witchdoctors would make strong medicine that would make them immune to bullets.

The chiefs Mapela and Makapan, dressed in kilts of tiger skin, were seated on low, carved stools, their captains and *indunas* assembled close behind them.

Mapela said: "The plan is made. We who have been enemies are now brothers, allied against our common foe."

Makapan raised his right hand. "It is agreed," he said, "even to the day. When the moon is full the second time, we strike. Our sorcerers agree and there could be no better sign, for when



in the history of nations have the witchdoctors of two tribes prophesied alike before?"

Mapela laughed deep in his chest, showing his teeth, which split the darkness of his face in two. "On the day that follows the second fullness of the moon," he said. . . .

Returning north from his trading trip, Simon van der Berg met Herman Potgieter at Potchefstroom.

"Welcome, my young friend," Potgieter said. "Come back with me. Sell your goods in the *dorp* when we arrive. Leave your wagon and boys and come with me to visit Mapela, the Kaffir chief who has sent me word that there is a big herd of elephants near him which he is reserving for me, keeping all other hunters away. I also wish to count the cattle that I have running on his lands."

Simon said: "Nothing could suit me better." His oxen could do with a long rest and so could his boys. This was good fortune indeed.

Together the wagons now passed through the small village which was beginning to be called Pretoria after General Pretorious, and which some said would one day be the capital of the republic. Now the road would be flat until they reached Warmbad and the Waterberg again.

The Waterberg, running almost due east-west, was a range of low hills that flowed with milk, honey and fever; wonderful cattle country, but an ill place for men, only the hardiest surviving, and still worse for women and children.

Every day Simon became more attached to Potgieter, who seemed to him the ideal *voortrekker*, one of those who went in front, a strong, bold resourceful pioneer, a wonderful shot and horseman.

Looking at his enormous frame, at the muscles that bulged under his shirt, Simon felt that here was one who was more than a man, one who would not die but could only be killed in some terrible adventure. Almost immune to fever and other illness, this iron man hunted as much as two or three hundred miles away from the nearest white man in the savage and all but unknown Kaffir country.

He was familiar with all the tribes that inhabited these regions; even the Matabele—Zulus, who had fled from Chaka, fighting their way north and picking up women and young men and cattle as they went to strengthen their hordes.

Potgieter was curious about what news he would find when they reached the *dorp*. There should be further information of the elephants from Mapela. He was looking forward to the excitement of hunting elephants again, to taking the risks that were the very core of his life, for without taking chances a man might as well be dead. He was also interested to see how Simon would turn out as a hunter.

Weeks passed before they reached Schoemansdal, and up in the kraals the men were active at night as they watched the moon grow. This would be the second full moon since the meeting of the chiefs. The great day was near. . . .

Schalk Fourie, meanwhile, had grown tired of life in the town. With his wagon loaded, his children and his servants, he had moved on, the wanderlust strong within him. The smell of the fires and cooking meat was in his nostrils.

When Potgieter, his son Andries and Simon reached Schoemansdal, they heard all the gossip of trouble among the Kaffirs.

"Surely you are not going into Mapela's country?" Potgieter's friends said. "Not at a time like this?"

"A time like this? Why? Because of the talk of disturbance? *Magtig*, have you ever known true peace on the border? If we were to wait for it, there would be no ivory in the traders' stores." Potgieter laughed his great booming laugh that began in his barrel chest and ended in his belly. "*Ja*," he said, "we are going. Mapela has sent me word as far as Potchefstroom that there are many elephants in his land, a new herd that has moved in from the west; and my cattle that he is running are fat and should be counted. We leave tomorrow."

Again Simon had no difficulty in disposing of his merchandise. Before dawn broke, they were off again. Within the week they were outspanned near Mapela's village.

When the king's messengers came to inform Potgieter that the chief would see him, Simon was asleep. He had been feeling tired and suspected he might have a touch of fever.

The *induna* who brought the message was of royal blood, wore a leopard-skin kilt and had leopard ear-flaps to his gigantic head-dress of black ostrich plumes. He was accompanied by two warriors in full war dress. They carried great oxhide shields and spears.

"You will come unarmed," the *induna* told them, "and leave your guns."

"And you?" Potgieter said, pointing to the spears.

"They are for your protection, oh white lord, in case the young men cause trouble."

"Why should they?"

The *induna* shrugged his shoulders so that the black feather cape he wore danced on his back. "Young men are young men, lord. Their blood runs hot."

The white men left their guns leaning against the wheels of the wagons and accompanied the messengers to the great kraal. Mapela sat on a kitchen chair covered with a leopard skin that served him for a throne. Behind him stood grouped his lesser chiefs, *indunas* and other notables. His bodyguard of picked warriors flanked them on either side.

Mapela half rose from his chair. "Welcome, oh white man," he said, "welcome hunter, farmer, trader, warrior, strong man of your tribe, to the kraal of Mapela. Bring beer," he cried.

A line of lovely girls, naked but for their tiny aprons before and behind, came carrying beer in great red pots upon their heads and drinking gourds in their hands.

"Drink, my friends," the king said. "Drink."

Other women and girls, less beautiful but still tall, slim and graceful as buck, passed among the warriors with beer.

"*Aaie*," the king said, "this is indeed an occasion, that such men as you should see fit to visit such a man as I when the moon is full. Truly," he cried, "the gods have eaten."

At his command the ranks of the warriors opened and two hundred or more young girls, shining with oil, polished as bronzes, lined up before the king and the white men in three lines. Almost naked, they swayed to the drum music, chanting in high, thin voices, clapping their soft pink-lined hands in unison and, as they wove in and out, each stamping her feet in imitation of warriors dancing.

Mapela's bodyguard moved forward—moved closer. The white men did not see them. There was no change in the eyes of the girls who now were pressing almost upon them, tempting them, body to body. Their eyes shone with the joy of the dance and with what they knew was about to happen.

And then the warriors closed in and gripped the white men.

Potgieter shouted: "What is this?" as he threw off the two who held him. More men flung themselves upon him, holding him pinioned, but still he was able to turn and face Mapela. "What is this?" he shouted again. "We come unarmed, in peace as friends. . . ."

"Friends?" Mapela said. "What are friends? How can the white man and the black be friends? Between friends there is trust and love. There is a mating. But you have come upon our land as masters. You scorn us and so you will all die. All." He extended his arms as if embracing the entire world. "Today, for the moon is full again."

Screaming and twirling in a fantastic dance, the tribe's witchdoctor Negende came through the lane that opened before him. "The gods have eaten," he screamed. "God's belly is full. The moon is full. The white men will be eaten up like driven rats before the dogs."

Mapela pointed to Potgieter. "Hold him," he said, "The others you may kill."

With a wild cry the warriors fell upon the white men. The kerries crashed through their skulls, scattering their

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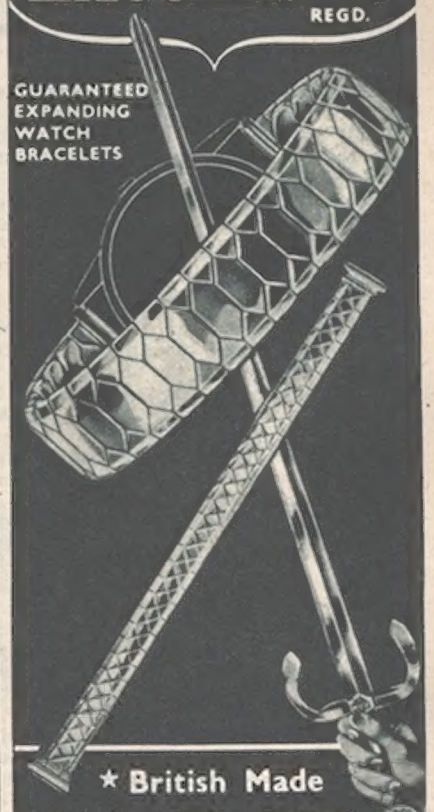

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brains; assagais ripped through their clothes, through their flesh.

Mapela shouted: "As we act today, so does Makapan, our friend. His warriors descend on the white men and women and children where they find them. Like packs of wild dogs we will sweep our land clean and the vultures and kites will feed upon their dead. . . . Now clear a space."

Mapela waved his hand and the crowd fell back. He pointed to Potgieter, who was still struggling with his guards. "This man, the strongest and boldest of his people, the hunter of elephants, I would kill slowly, to see how long such a white man takes to die. Strip his white hide from him slowly for I would have it to make loin cloths for my youngest wives."

Negende screamed: "Begin! . . ."

Simon, awakened by the shouts from the kraal, dragged himself to his feet, peeped out through the closed tent of the wagon and realized at once that something was wrong. He took Potgieter's spyglass, which was hanging from its leather loops above the bed, and poked it through a hole in the canvas.

The scene leaped into focus, framed by the circle of the lens. He could see his companions being dragged away like bloody sacks, like broken dolls oozing scarlet sawdust. He saw Potgieter break away from those who held him on the ground, leap to his feet, a single bloody figure, run a few steps and fall beneath the Kaffir spears.

That was enough. Sick with fury, with horror, he picked up his gun and crept out of the wagon on the far side, where he would be invisible from the kraal.

THE servants they had brought were cowering under the wagon. He could do nothing for them. He must get news to the *dorp*. What everyone had feared but few had dared state openly had happened. The frontier was on fire.

Lying flat, he raised his head and looked about him. There, a couple of hundred yards away, the knee-haltered horses grazed completely unconcerned. He saw his faithful Windvoel in the middle of the group and whistled. The horse raised his head.

Simon whistled again and Windvoel came slowly towards him. What a good thing he had taught him this trick. It was old Schalk Fourie who had told him to do it. "It may come in handy one day," Schalk had said. This was the day.

Still prone, he undid the riem that held the horse's head. Now he must show himself. He vaulted on the horse's back. He had no saddle, no bridle, only the riem fastened to the head collar to guide his mount.

There were shouts from the kraal. He saw some young warriors running towards him. He fired at the nearest Kaffir, who flung up his hands and fell on his face, kicking his legs spasmodically.

Rapidly outdistancing the other warriors, he made for the foothills. That night he watered his horse at a mountain spring and chewed some of the biltong he had in his pocket. Two hours later he mounted again and rode on through the moonlight. He did not know where he was, except, by the stars, that he was riding east and south. If he kept on like this he was bound to cut the North Road somewhere.

As dawn was breaking he found himself on the banks of a stream that he knew to be the Nyl. He rode forward, carefully keeping himself screened by the patches of bush and trees, hesitating, listening, his gun ready. Why was there so much smoke?

Again he moved forward, and then stopped appalled. The smoke came from the remains of smouldering wagons. There were bodies all over the clearing.

Simon slipped down from his snorting horse, led him a little way to the water upstream where it was not fouled by death and watched him drink.

There was a cry and he swung round, his gun ready. A half-naked white girl dragging a small boy by the hand staggered towards him. She cried out: "I'm Mina. Thank God you have come. Thank God," and fell fainting in front of him.

Simon went to the *spruit* and filled his hat with water, which he poured over her face.

Moving away from the girl and the child, he went back to the wreckage of the wagons. The iron tyres had been stripped from them to be made into spears. Iron to the Kaffirs was worth more than gold. The men's guns had gone, of course.

He found nothing of interest except one assagai whose haft had been shortened so that it could be concealed. Once again the devastation shocked him, though he had thought that by now he was beyond shock, after what he had already seen. But he had seen that at a distance. Now he was standing with death at his feet.

He went back to the girl and helped her to her feet. "You will kill me if they come back," she said. "You will not leave me."

Simon said: "We will get away from here."

He led the girl and child upstream to let them drink. He shaved some biltong from the stick he still had in his pocket and gave it to her and the child.

"Now you will mount my horse," he said, "and ride holding the child in front of you."

"He has no saddle or bridle," she said.

"I escaped," he said. "Herman Potgieter and his son and his people are dead—all killed by Mapela."

"Herman Potgieter!" Mina said. She knew him well. Often she had sat on his knee as a child and listened to his stories. "Dead!" she said. "How could he be killed? He was so strong."

Strong, Simon thought. *Ja*, sometimes it was not good to be strong. It took a strong man so much longer to die.

"Come mount," he said, and put out his hand for her foot. Once she was up, he handed her the child, who no longer wept or even whimpered. He was cried out. His infant world had collapsed about him.

Simon led the horse to a low ant-heap, a red concrete-like mound, and climbed on its back behind the girl. "We ride south," he said, and kicked the horse into motion. With his left arm he held the girl around the waist to steady her. "Keep off the road," he told her, "but ride near it."

They went on at a walk. As they rode, the girl told him what had happened. With her brother, Jappie, she had been several hundred yards from the outspan when the attack started. They had heard the shouts and screams. For the rest of that day and the whole of the night they had hidden in an old ant-bear hole. They had lain there, petrified with fear, without food or water. And then Simon had come.

As evening approached, as the world became miraculously beautiful, bathed in mauve, lilac and rose, Simon found a thick clump of trees where they could sleep.

They slept like puppies in a heap, for comfort against the cold. The child slept curled against his sister and Simon slept against the girl, her soft pliant and exhausted body fitting into his.

AT dawn they found a stream, drank and pushed on, following little game paths through the long grass that was diamonded with prisms of ice-cold dew. It was impossible to believe that this lovely land was not at peace.

Impossible till his dog barked, a Kaffir shouted, and a small band of them sprang up from the grass where they had been lying in ambush for just such an occasion.

Simon called the dog in. There was a slight rise ahead of them, a little ridge which would give him a good field of fire. "The *rankie*," Simon shouted, urging the horse forward. In a moment he was down beside a rock. "Get down behind me with the horse and dog, Mina."

Then he saw something that pleased him. The Kaffirs had guns. They were kneeling to fire. As long as they had guns they would not close in.

Two bullets passed over their heads. Then a Kaffir with a white feather in his hair exposed himself, within easy range. Simon rested his gun on a big, flat stone and fired. The man threw up his hands and fell. Now if they had any sense, Simon thought, they would charge before he could reload.

The Kaffirs did not charge but fired a volley which passed over their heads again. The child was wailing now. Mina comforted him. "Fear not, little brother," she said. "Fear not, my *boetie*." Wagter stopped growling to lick the child's face.

Simon shot and reloaded again. Another man fell, but there were too many of them. They were closer now.

One man had crept quite near to them through the long grass and would have attacked Simon from behind if the dog had not seen him. With one bound the dog leaped away from Mina, dragged the man down and tore out his throat.

The end was near now. Another volley, a rush, and it would be over.

To be concluded next week

Mister A to Z

Alan Melville's sparkling, behind-the-scenes story of television and its most famous stars

BEGINS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

My son Hadrian

Continued from page 16

went right on, night after night, week after week. Even Rebecca got tired of it.

"He never bothered us like this when he had his crime comics," she said one night after Hadrian had gone to bed.

"That's exactly why he's bothering us now," I told her. "He wants his crime comics back. He's trying to wear me down. He'll never do it."

"Then stop biting your nails," Rebecca said. "Anyway, I think you're wrong. I think he's genuinely wrapped up in those books. I think he'll be a great scientist."

My feelings were that he would be a great gangster, but at least I would not be blamed for encouraging him.

It was just after that when Hadrian began the next phase of his strategy—physical science experiments. The first one involved his old violin and a tumbler. We had bought the violin when he was nine and Rebecca had felt certain that he was destined to be a great musician. The second scale, which included one sharp, had defeated him and he had not looked at the instrument since. Until now.

I suffered three evenings on one continuous flat note before screaming for an explanation.

"According to these books you bought me," Hadrian said pointedly, "if I can produce a note which vibrates at the same frequency as the atomic particles in the glass, the tumbler will break into pieces."

"Well, either you've got the wrong note or the wrong tumbler," I said. "Shut up!"

I suppose it was pretty obvious by this time that I was going to pieces and could not stand much more. But on Saturday afternoon Hadrian delivered his master-stroke.

I had got away from the boy on the excuse of adjusting my car engine to suit a new petrol. But he was relentless and, as I was revving up, he spoke into my ear so suddenly that I almost knocked the gears in.

"Why didn't you cough or something?" I said. "I nearly ran the car into the garage wall."

"That wouldn't have mattered," he told me informatively, "if the engine revs happened to be the same frequency as the atomic frequency of the brickwork. By arranging this, it is quite possible to pass solid objects through solid matter."

I didn't argue about that. I switched off the engine. "Stay here," I told him. "I'm going to get something."

What I was going to get was some peace. I left him guarding the car which stood at the top of the steeply sloping drive facing the garage. A minute later I had my feet up in the sitting-room.

Two minutes later I was racing for the door. The revving engine of my car must have awakened me from my dozing, and the awful crash which followed got me on my feet.

Rebecca and I arrived on the scene together. Hadrian stood where I had left him, staring reflectively at the remains of my car, which was crumpled affectionately into the wall of the garage.

My nerves got the better of me and I shouted at the boy.

"I'm sorry," he said. "The engine frequency was almost right—see, it nearly went through the wall."

"You young idiot!" I said. "It's smashed to bits!"

"Smashed?" Hadrian said. He came and looked at the wreck, as though he had achieved something. "It's not smashed," he said. "It's de-created."

That evening I burnt all the science-fiction magazines and gave him back the gangster stuff from under my mattress—I'd read it all anyway. The boy went back to his old hoodlums as if they were lifelong friends; I had my first peaceful evening in months.

At least I was now assured that there was not a criminal in all that lurid literature who could teach the boy a thing he didn't know already. THE END

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A Time For Greatness	Slap In The Face
In The Boss's Chair	Passing The Buck
Doesn't Go Far	Love's Music
A Pipe, A Pint And	Flying High
Careful, Mr. Motorist	Hard-boiled
Miss Wonderful	Not To Be Sneezed At
Glittering Future	Bluff And Bluster
The Falling Leaves	The Red Light

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Man To..... Attack On Our.....
Rocked The..... .....To Do
She Dreamed Of A....., But Went To.....'s Head

EXAMPLE
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BULLET
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2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

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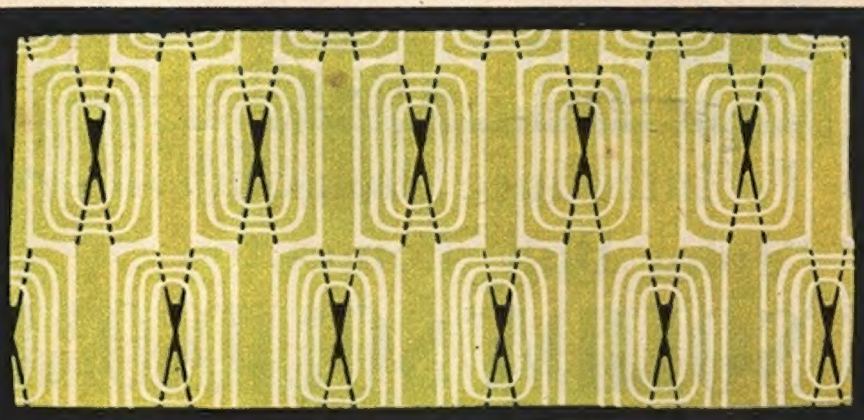

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